

THE



Lud. Du Guernier inv. et Sculp.

THE
VICTIM.
A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE ROYAL in
Drury-Lane,

By Her MAJESTY'S Servants.

Written by Mr. JOHNSON.

*Victima labe carens, & præstantissima Formâ
(Nam placuisse nocet) Vittis præsignis & Auro,
Sistitur ante Aras; — Ov. Met. Lib. 15.*

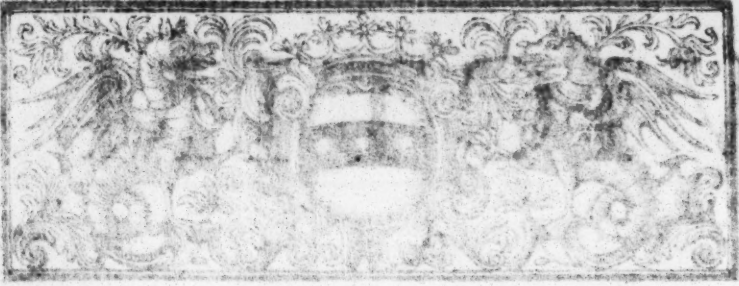
The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N,

Printed: And Sold by Ferd. Burleigh in *Amen-Corner.*

MDCCXIV.

THE



TRACED

GRAND

THE

MARLBOROUGH



MARLBOROUGH

following

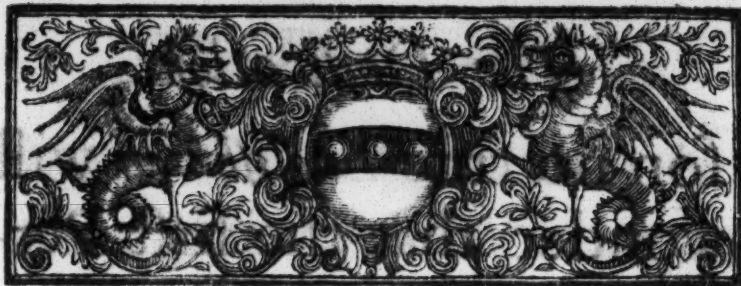
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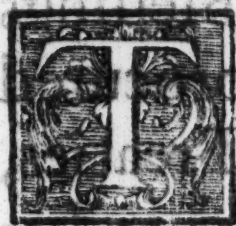
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for



TO HER
GRACE *the* DUTCHESS
O F
MARLBOROUGH.

MADAM,



THE following
Play seems natu-
rally to claim
the Patronage of
a Lady, for which Reason

A 3

son

The Dedication.

son no true *Englishman* will wonder that the first Person who occurred to my Thoughts on this occasion should be the Dutches of *Marlborough*.

Not all the Security we enjoy by our safe and honourable Peace, can make us unmindful of the Gratitude we owe to your Name. All the Blessings which have been procured for us by our late Treaties, are not greater, than what might have been expected from

The Dedication

from the long Course of
the Duke of *Marlborough's*
Victories.

If we are at leisure to
cultivate the Politer Arts,
if our Trade flourishes, if
our Credit rises both at
Home and Abroad, if
we have obtained a gene-
ral Peace for our Allies, if
the *Catalans* are obliged to
us for our Protection, the
Germans for our Faith, and
the *French* for our Genero-
sity; who could have pro-
mised to themselves less
Ho-

The Dedication.

Honours and Advantages
for their Country, from
the many Glorious Cam-
paigns and uninterrupted
Successes of our late Great
General.

It has been often ob-
served, that when the
French have been worsted
in the Field they have sa-
ved themselves by Trea-
ties; but such are the con-
summate Abilities of our
present Ministers, that the
World is as much astonish'd
at their Negotiations, as it

was

The Dedication.

was before at the Duke of
Marlborough's Conquests.

There are indeed too many among us, who are apt to be affrighted at every thing that seems to threaten our Religion and Liberties; but why should private Men believe themselves in any Danger from the *Pretender*, when the Government is not apprehensive of it? But this is certain, we have less Reason to be so, while He is still living who has so often defeated

The Dedication.

feated the Ambition of
France, and broken its best
concerted Measures.

Among the many eminent Virtues which I might here take occasion of celebrating in your Grace, I shall only single out that which I believe your Grace will be most delighted to hear mentioned, I mean that truly conjugal Friendship and Affection with which you accompany this Great Man in His Absence from His native Coun-

The Dedication.

The Dedication.

Country, and share with him in all the Cares and Inquietudes his Extraordinary Merit has brought upon him.

That You may have I many Years in reserve for your own mutual Happiness, as well as for your Country's Good, is the hearty Desire of every honest Man, and particularly of, Madam,

Your GRACE's

Most Obedient and

Most Humble Servant,

Cha. Johnson.

Dramatis Personæ

A gamemnon.	Mr. Wilks.	
Achilles.	Mr. Booth.	
Ulysses.	Mr. Keen.	
Menelaus.	Mr. Mills.	
Arcas,	} Officers and Friends to Agamemnon. }	Mr. Rian.
Euribates,		Mr. Bullock, jun.

W O M E N.

Clytemnestra, Wife to Agam.	Mrs. Knight.
Iphigenia, Daughter to Agam.	Mrs. Porter.
Eriphile, Daughter of Helen and Theseus.	} Mrs. Oldfield.
Ægina, In the Train of Clytem.	
Deris, Confident to Eriphile.	

Officers as Guards.

SCENE the Port of Aulis, in Bœotia, an
Incampment on the Shore; the Pavilion of
Agamemnon at a Distance.

THE



THE VICTIM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Arcas to Euribates, who is waiting at the King's Pavillion.

EURIBATES.

HO's there?

Arc. A Soldier, and a Greek, *Euribates.*

Eur. Say what important Care has rais'd you thus

Before the Sun, do the Winds swell
our Canvass,

Shall these Confed'rate Kings, whose
valiant Bands

ye here extended on the Strand of *Aulis*,
agu'd against *Troy*, shall they at last Embark,
and visit like a Storm that Pride of *Asia*?

E

Arc.

The VICTIM.

Arc. No, no, all Sleep; the Camp, the Fleet is hush,
Th' imprison'd Winds without a Murmur rest;
And not a Zephyr curls the drowsie Flood.
'Tis a dead Calm.

Eur. All rest, but *Agamemnon*;
Distracting Passions rend his mighty Breast,
Alone he sits, alone in yon Pavilion,
Sustains his Grief, his Hands support his Head,
A winking Taper only his Companion;
Which now and then just lifts a quivering Flame,
And darts a Melancholly Gleam around:
Thy Heart would bleed to see him. Wert thou sent for?

Arc. By his Commands, I wait thus early here:
But my Soul feels his Sorrows ere I know 'em.
Say what Afflictions have o'erta'en the King,
Whom I believ'd the happiest of Mankind?

---The Gods with every Blessing crown his Hopes;
A happy Prince, a Father, and a Husband:

He Rules in Peace the fruitful Realm of *Argos*.

---Does the Desire of Power, Ambition fire him?

Lo, twenty Kings, our *Grecian* Empire's Chiefs,

Inrol their Royal Names to serve beneath him;

And ask his Conduct in this glorious War,

Their God in Arms, sprung from immortal *Jove*.

Eur. Repeat his Glories, sum his Blessings up;

Recount what late he was, and you shall see

From what a height this King of Kings is fall'n.

Arc. Was; is he not belov'd, rever'd by all?

Achilles courts his Friendship, young *Achilles*;

The Pride of Oracles, and Boast of Fate,

The Darling of the Gods, their promis'd Hero,

Impatient asks his Daughter *Iphigenia*,

And vows to light his Bridal Torch at *Troy*.

— She too, the Joy and Wonder of all Eyes,

Doubly her Father's Joy, lives in his Heart.

I've seen the mighty Monarch drop his Sceptre,

While yet her Infant Years, her Infant Manners;

Fore-

The VICTIM.

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Foretold her Virtues; and her Beauty's Progress.
I've seen him busily employ'd, and pleas'd
To trifle with his Child; attend her Prattle,
And watch her artless Smiles; then grasp her hard,
And catch her to his Breast; while drops of Joy
Came sudden from his Soul into his Sight,
And all reveal'd the Father.

Eur. Oh no more!

You touch his Grief — my Heart is torn to think
That *Iphigenia* was his Soul's Delight.

Arc. Is she not still the same? has not his Love
Increas'd ev'n as her Years; is she not still
Dear as his Glory? as his Fame unfully'd?

Eur. Attend, and you shall hear the mournful Cause.
— You may remember, *Arcas*, when our Fleets,
Here summon'd by the Winds, hoisted their Canvas,
The flattering Gales blew briskly from our Shores
To distant *Troy* — while all the chearful Host
Stood eager to Embark, and with loud Shouts
Proclaim'd their Hostile Joy----when suddenly
Some Power unseen recall'd the Breath of Heav'n,
The busie Air was still, the Waters silent,
The flagging Sheet clung to the sturdy Mast,
Our useless Oars weary'd the quiet Deep
In vain; in vain the hardy Seaman toil'd:
Our valiant Chiefs all upward turn'd their Thoughts,
To deprecate the Vengeance of the Gods.

Sage *Nestor*, *Menelaus*, wife *Ulysses*,
Each offer'd at *Diana's* Silver Shrine
Their private Vows, and begg'd a Wind for *Greece*;
King *Agamemnon* last approach'd her Altar,
He bow'd, and paid his Tributary Victim;
When lo; the Flame in a thick Cloud of Smoak
Was choak'd, the Altar rent, the ample Dome
Of the high Temple shook, the frighted Priests
Fled from their Charge---*Calchas* alone remain'd,
And to the prostrate King, with Horror dumb,

The VICTIM.

Thus spoke the Virgin Deity's Decree.

" You Arm against proud *Troy* these Powers in vain,

" Unless a mighty Sacrifice be slain;

" Unless a Daughter, sprung from *Helen's* Seed,

" On chaste *Diana's* holy Altar bleed.

" Would you recal those Winds the Gods deny,

" Appease the Gods; let *Iphigenia* die.

Arc. His Child!

Eur. The Fondling of his Soul, his Daughter.

Arc. Immortal Gods! how transient are our Joys!

They only serve to heighten our Misfortunes,

And give our Minds a quicker Sense of Woe.

How did he bear this shock?

Eur. Ev'n as a Man.

Nature, at once Rebellious to his Will,

Fixt him a Statue on the Marble Pavement,

His Blood congeal'd; a dewy Sweat distill'd

From his pale Face---When thro' a thousand Sighs

His broken Accents burst---with thoughtless Rage

He curst his rigid Fate? then hasten'd hither,

Resolving to dismiss the Troops; since that

The Conflict of his Passions racks his Soul.

---Behold him, *Arcas*; see the King, the Father,

Alternately contending which shall Rule.

Enter Agamemnon from his Pavilion; a Letter in his Hand.

Agam. The public Policy demands her Life;

Shall I then Sacrifice my Child, or People?

They are my Children too; let private Int'rest,

Let Nature's Call yield to the general Good;

But Nature will return; I am a Man

By human Passions sway'd; I feel her Loss,

And feel it as a Father, not a King.

Arc. Hail to the King of Kings, great *Agamemnon*.

Agam.

The V I C T I M.

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Agam. Yes, she must die; *Ulysses* has my Word.
Hah; *Arcas*, do the Gods delight in Blood? To *Arcas*.

Arc. Too deep Reflection wounds your generous Mind,
High Heav'n may yet Reverse the dire Decree.

Agam. At first the cunning Statesman sooth'd my Rage,
And gave the Torrent of my Passion way;
But soon the artful Orator appear'd,
He represented me a King, a General:

Will you, said he, grow old, and rust at Home,
In ignominious Ease doat on your Household,
Or Reign a King; the Sovereign Lord of Greece?

---Oh I confess---with guilty Shame I own,
Charm'd with my Power, that mighty sounding Name,
The King of Kings, and General of Greece
Wrought on the haughty Weakness of my Soul.

---Yet more---the Gods in Dreams pursu'd my Mind,
There they reproach'd my sacrilegious Pity,
And threaten'd to Avenge their slighted Altars;

---Thus vanquish'd by the Cunning of *Ulysses*,
And thus attack'd by Heav'n---*Euribates*;

Oh *Arcas*;---I resolv'd my Child should bleed,
I wrote to hasten her Arrival here

On this Pretence, that young *Achilles* press'd
To wed her here, before he sail'd for *Troy*.

Arc. *Achilles*, fir'd with Love and just Resentment,
Will never tamely see his Mistress bleed.

Eur. *Achilles* then was absent from the Camp,
To check a Neighbouring State's increasing Pride.
All thought the War would cost both Blood and Time;
But what can stop th' impetuous Hero's Course?

Achilles fought, and triumph'd, and return'd,
And late last Night rejoin'd our Troops in *Aulis*.

Arc. Has he yet heard the fatal Oracle?

Agam. I dare not tell him what the Gods decree.
On what shall I resolve? Inform me, *Arcas*.

---My Daughter comes; she comes to meet her Father;
Her Father and her Lover---hapless *Virgia*!

She comes to meet inevitable Fate.

— I mourn not for her Youth, or that my Blood
Glides thro' her Veins---Ah no, my Friend, I mourn
Ten thousand Virtues join'd; our mutual Love,
Her Piety for me---my Tenderneſs for her.

---No, no, I'll not believe it. Heav'n, thy Juſtice
Cannot approve this diſmal Sacrifice:

Thy Oracles would only tempt my Faith,
And my Obedience would be impious here.

Arc. Then how will you diſcharge your ſolemn Word,
Your Promise to *Ulyſſes*, that the Day
She here appear'd the Royal Maid ſhould die?

Agam. Therefore I ſent for thee, my faithful *Arcas*;
This Charge will both thy Zeal and Prudence prove.

Haste to *Mycene*, ſtop my Daughter's coming,

Give *Clytemneſtra* this, and let her know

My Daughter muſt not yet prepare for *Aulis*.

Inevitable Death muſt meet her here;

If ſhe appears, no human Art can ſave her.

Haste, ſave her from the Gods Oh ſave her from her Father.

---Stay *Arcas*, let not *Clytemneſtra* know;

Hide from my Child and Wiſe the fatal Secret:

Hurt not their tender Minds with the ſad Tale.

Oh, *Arcas*, I am forc'd to feign Excuses,

Why I revoke thoſe Orders which I gave;

Tell 'em, for ſo I write, the Son of *Peleus*,

Achilles, cools, and would defer the Rites

Of Marriage, 'till he comes from *Troy* victorious.

Tell 'em (ſo I pretend) the ſudden Cauſe

Of this quick Change, proceeds from a new Miſtreſs:

The fair *Eriphile*, his *Leſbian* Captive,

With a new Paſſion warms the Hero's Heart.

Euribates, attend him, let him know

What better may be done, what further ſaid.

[*Exeunt Eur. and Arcas.*]

But lo, *Achilles* and *Ulyſſes* entring.

Enter

The VICTIM.

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Enter Achilles and Ulysses.

Agam. That you return, swifter than rapid Fame
[To Achilles.

Can bear your Triumphs on her loaden Wings,
I gratulate the Grecian State, and you
Her growing Hope---Hail Son of mighty *Peleus*!
All *Thessaly* is conquer'd or appeas'd,
And *Lesbos* new to Chains, a Virgin Conquest,
Beholds her youthful, her victorious Lord.

Ach. Unworthy Victory! they shamed our Arms,
Submitting to their Fears, and left our Valour
An idle Gazer only---yet ere long
A nobler Scene of Glory will appear.

Troy; *Troy*, with all her haughty Towers shall shake;
And *Hector's* Cheek turn white, when he beholds
The loosen'd Winds drive on their promis'd Vengeance
Our fearless Bands---while the divided Waves
Yield to a thousand Prows---But *Iphigenia*;
She, she's the Warrior's Meed: I thank you, General,
That you prevent my Wishes; there's a Whisper
Runs through the Camp which says, the Queen and Princess
Are on their Journey hither; my full Heart
Receiv'd the welcome News with Joy, with Transport!

Agam. What said you? that my Daughter and my Wife
Are on their Way to *Aulis*, to this Shore?

Achil. To *Aulis*; wherefore are you thus surpris'd?

Agam. Good Heav'r, does he too know the fatal Secret

[To Ulysses aside,

Ulyss. My Lord, the King may justly be surpris'd.
Is this, is this a time for Joy, for Love,
When a dead Sea strikes Horror thro' our Camp,
Diseases waste the Soldier, angry Heav'n
Calls for Atonement, Sacrifice and Prayer?
And will *Achilles*, will the Son of *Thetis*,
When every Knee bends to the Gods for Mercy,

Will he alone reproach their pious Sorrow
 With ill-tim'd Joys, insult the publick Grief,
 And give his Passions scope?— Say, is it fit,
 At such a time as this, that *Agamemnon*
 Urge on the publick Fate with Festivals?
 — Divine *Achilles*, yet reflect and feel
 Your Country's Grief — And then your Love for her,
 Like mine for you, will chide your eager Joy,
 And say 'tis out of Season.

Achil. Wise Declaimer;
 The Fields of *Troas*, and *Scamander's* Flood,
 Shall witness who's the better *Greek*, *Pelides*
 Or talkative *Ulysses* — But till then
 Load every Altar with a Sacrifice,
 Open the bleeding Victim's Breast, there guess
 The Reason of your Fears, there search the Cause
 Of accidental Ills, and raise new Doubts
 With pious Frauds — But, Sir, for me, for me,
 Who neither know, nor care to know from Juglers,
 My Joys or Fears, let me pursue a Marriage
 That neither can concern the Gods nor you.
 — Yet think not that inactive I'll consume
 My ardent Youth; the Rites of Love perform'd,
 Then I'll Imbark for *Troy*, and think I'm wrong'd
 If any *Grecian* treads that Strand before me.

Agam. Why should the Gods, if Gods can know no Envy,
 Shut up their Seas, imprison all their Winds,
 And stop the burning Hero's Course to *Asia*?
 ---- Yet so it is ---- Princes, we must retire,
 Each with his Royal Host, and break this League;
 'Tis vain, 'tis impious to contend, when Heav'n
 Declares against us.

Achil. Ha! what says the King?

Ulys. What means our Chief? Valiant *Atrides* speak.

Agam. Princes, we must retire ---- Lead off your Troops,
 The Winds too long have weary'd out our Wishes,
 Abus'd our Hopes ---- Heav'n is the Shield of *Troy*.

The VICTIM.

The angry Gods, by numberless Presages,
 Forbid our Way to *Asia*.

Achil. What Presages?

What Omens shew the Anger of the Gods?

Agam. For that consult the Gods; their Oracles
 Declare your Life's the Price of conquer'd *Troy*;
 Yes, *Troy* may fall, but the young Son of *Thetis*,
Achilles, in the very Spring of Youth,
 Must pay the Purchase of so dear a Triumph.

Achil. And must these Kings, assembled to revenge
 The Rape of *Helen*, to revenge your Wrongs,
 In shameful Inactivity disband;
 While *Paris* insolently boasts his Flame,
 And unchastis'd enjoys your Brother's Wife?

Agam. Your glorious Heat anticipates the War;
 Your Arms have doubly satisfy'd our Wrongs;
 When swift, as the blue Fire or Bolt from Heav'n,
 They spread their Horrors thro' th' *Ægean* Sea;
 While the swollen Waters roll'd into the Ports
 Of trembling *Troy*, the Wrecks of ruin'd *Lesbos*,
 A ravag'd City and a Captive Beauty,
 Have amply well aveng'd the Rape of *Helen*;
Eriphile, your Pris'ner, vainly strives
 To hide her noble Birth, her Silence speaks her:
 In fullen Majesty, with Pride she mourns,
 Her haughty Grief reveals what it would hide.

Achil. Your Arts, your Menaces are vain and weak:
 'Tis true, the Fates foretold my Mother Goddess,
 When she receiv'd a Mortal to her Bed,
 Her Son might either chuse with many Years
 A Life inglorious, or Immortal Fame
 And Death in blooming Youth. — Shall I descend
 To count my Hours by the slow Waste of Sands?
 Shall I extinguish all I boast Divine
 To save my Father's Part in me? — this Flesh
 — Away, away. — Let Oracles be dumb;
 'Tis Honour calls, Honour's my Oracle;

The Hero's Soul knows no Command but Glory;
 My Life's the Gods, my Honour is my own;
 — Why do we vainly vex our selves with Laws
 And doubtful Tales from Priests——To Arms, to Arms,
 Our Ancestors are Gods, let us pursue
 The Paths their Virtue led——shake off this Load,
 Plunge into deathless Fame, and rise Immortal:
 — Yet *Agamemnon*, 'tis reserv'd for you;
 The Action and the Glory shall be yours,
 I only ask the Honour to obey;
 Let us prepare for *Troy*, I'll straight review
 The sick'ning Troops,
 And with my Presence raise their drooping Spirits.

[*Exit Achilles*]

Agamemnon and Ulysses.

Ulys. You see he's still resolv'd to sail for *Troy*.
 His eager Heart pants after Arms and Glory;
 Thirsty of Fame——We fondly thought his Love
 Would hold him back——But Love inflames the Fire,
 Provokes and animates his native Ardour.

Agam. Oh *Iphigenia*!

Ulys. Wherefore broke that Sigh?
 Do you yet feel the Pangs of struggling Nature?
 Call up superior Reason to your Aid,
 Exert her Force, and loose this Woman's Weakness.

Agam. Oh, 'tis a heavy Task, at once the stifle,
 With our weak Reason, the strong Throws of Nature!
 Must I then see her bleed, and be deny'd
 A Sigh, a Sigh! I am a Man, *Ulysses*.

Ulys. Think *Iphigenia* is no longer yours;
 By solemn Vows devoted to the Gods:
 Think, when the *Grecians* know this Oracle,
 And that you (doating on your Child) refus'd
 To satisfy the Gods: Whatever Ills,
 Whatever Plagues, or Heav'n or Nature sends,

The VICTIM.

OR
II

Will all be charg'd on you; the Priests will urge it,
Call you their chosen Curse, their impious Scourge;
Remember too your sacred Honour suffers;
Honour, a Jewel plac'd in Crowns to light
And animate Mankind to virtuous Glory;
Made to distinguish and adorn Desert.

Agam. Your Heart, at distance from the Woes I feel,
Appears intrepid — Make my Cause your own;
Suppose your Son *Telemachus* to bleed,
Behold the fatal Bandage round his Temples,
See the Priest leads him trembling to the Altar;
Your Child now weeps and turns his begging Eyes
On his hard Father — See the fatal Knife
Directed to his Throat — this dreadful Image
Should make you shudder at the Pangs I bear,
And melt your haughty Language into Tears.

— Enough of this — My fatal Word is given,
And if my Daughter comes to *Aulis* here,
Thus I confirm my Promise — *She shall die.*

Ulyss. See where the King of *Lacedaemon* comes;
Your Brother *Menelaus* comes in haste,
And wears the weight of Business on his Brow.

Enter Menelaus.

Mene. Chief among Kings, *Atrides*, valiant Prince;
All hail! — You have perform'd your sacred Word;
The Queen and *Iphigenia* both are come:
They had arriv'd before, but that they wander'd,
Lost in those Woods which shade the Strand of *Aulis*.

Agam. Hah! what says my Brother?

Mene. In the Camp,
Your Daughter, and her Mother *Clytemnestra*;
Receive the welcome Shouts of the glad Soldier;
And with 'em young *Eriphile*, the Lesbian,
Comes to Solicit here her Destiny;
And know of our wise *Calchas*, who's her Father:

I think these Beauties have alarm'd us all,
 For every Tongue is busy'd in a Question,
 And every Eye is pleas'd with my fair Niece :
 Some ask the Reason of their Journey hither ;
 While others Pray the Gods long to preserve 'em ;
 But with united Voices they proclaim
 Your Name aloud, call you their glorious King,
 Their Leader to immortal Fame and Conquest.
 Maintain your Character, and let 'em know,
 Your People are much dearer than your Child.

Ulys. He is determin'd now, urge him no farther,
 We'll haste to *Calchas*, and prepare the Altar ;
 Our Chief declares, the Gods shall be obey'd.

Agam. The jealous Gods have thus secur'd their Vengeance,
 And broke the secret Wheels of my vain Wisdom,
 Were I permitted to indulge my Grief,
 With Tears they might relieve my swelling Breast ;
 Hard Fate of Kings, we are but Slaves in Purple,
 Expos'd to rigorous Chance, while every Act
 Is censur'd and condemn'd by vulgar Tongues,
 Besieg'd with Spies——what an oppressive Weight,
 Is smother'd Grief ; how heavy at the Heart ?

Ulys. I am a Father, Sir ; I too confess
 The weakness of fond Nature ; now I feel
 The Blow that shakes you——see, my swimming Eyes
 Have catch'd the growing Grief from yours, and shed—
 Their social Drops in friendly Comfort with you ;
 —Yes, while we may, enjoy your mighty Sorrow,
 Weep o'er your dying Child——we'll aid your Tears,
 —But what will Tears avail ? no, let us cease
 This helpless Sorrow ; let us mourn in Blood,
 In *Phrygian* Blood——Let *Hector's* swelling Veins
 Shed purple Drops——Think on your rising Glory :
 Behold our Ships o'er-spread the *Hellepont*,
 And whiten, with their Prow's, the foamy Surge !
 Behold proud *Troy* in Flames, her Citizens,
 And haughty *Priam* bending at your Feet ;

Helen

The VICTIM.

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Helen restor'd, by you restor'd to *Greece*;
Our Navy now, crown'd with victorious Garlands,
Triumphant cut their liquid Way to *Aulis*;
While the bold Trumpets Echo to the Shores
Of distant *Greece*, great *Agamemnon* comes;
Fame will, from Age to Age, deliver down,
And keep alive in her eternal Records,
The never-dying Name of *Agamemnon*.

Agam. I yield-----and leave to Heav'n the Care of Virtue;
Their Victim shall attend the dreadful Shrine;
Let *Calchas* yet preserve the fatal Secret;
Oh, let not *Clytemnestra* know her Child
Must die, cut off in the gay Morn of Life;
Hard Fate! —— are these my promis'd Hopes, my Joys?
Have I for this with Culture form'd her Mind?
For this alone, to lose her in her Bloom?

The Florist thus, when Winter's Rage is o'er,
When Frosts and Snows, and Tempests are no more,
To the kind Soil commits the future Flower.
Now genial Heats unbind the teeming Root,
Swell it with Life, and make the Fibres shoot:
He sees the rising Vegetable rear
The tender Stalk, and trust it self in Air;
Now Western Gales breath thro' the vernal Skie,
Unfold the Bud, and shew its various Die.
Secure, he views his Labour with Delight;
When unexpected, in one piercing Night,
His promis'd Joys are curs'd by a disastrous Blight.



ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Eriphile and Doris.

Eri. LET us begone, and while that happy Maid
Receives her Father's and her Husband's welcome,
While *Iphigenia*, that triumphant Beauty,
Possesses every Joy her Heart can wish,
Let me retire, thus covetously hoard
My mighty Grievs, and keep alive my Sorrows.

Doris. Why do you urge your cruel Memory,
Oh why provoke it to renew your Tears?
'Tis true, Captivity imbitters Life;
Yet when the Victor Homicide in Chains
Led you to *Argos*, then you seem'd to bear
Less heavily the weight than now; when Fortune
And lovely *Iphigenia* smile upon you.

Eri. Think'st thou 'twill mitigate my Pain, to see
All smiling Joy around, while I am fix'd,
Amidst this Happiness, the Mark of Fate?
Nor have the partial Gods permitted me
To know who gave this Being to a Wretch.
And when I ask the dreadful Oracle,
When I wou'd search the Source from whence I sprung,
It tells me, I shall perish when I know it.

Doris. All Oracles in doubtful Meanings hide,
Or in dark Mysteries obscure the Truth;
Your Name, your Parents are alike conceal'd,
And you must wait 'till Time unravels all.

Eri. Thy Father, all the Witness I e'er had,
Wou'd never suffer me to ask my Birth.
But when my curious Tongue inquir'd too far,
In *Troy*, said he, you'll find your Royal Parents;
There you'll retrieve your Family and Name;
But when I hop'd to visit that fam'd City,

Achilles,

Achilles, the fierce *Mirmidon*, led on
His dreadful Troops, and sack'd our trembling *Lesbos*.
And thus I only keep the pompous Name,
Of what I ne'er shall prove, a Royal Birth.

Doris. We both shou'd hate the Hand that gave the Blow;
The pitiless *Achilles*---*Calchas*, Madam,
Calchas, who knows the Secrets of the Gods,
Will soon discover all that you can ask,
And *Iphigenia's* Marriage with the Victor
Will both confirm and strengthen your Protection.

Eri. Curse on that Marriage! the swift Lightning blast it!
That, that, of all my Woes, sits heavy 't on me.

Doris. How, Madam!

Eri. *Doris*, thou hast shook my Soul;
Attend, and thou shalt hear my countless Griefs,
And be amaz'd I bear 'em all, yet live;
Captivity---my Parents lost---my Country---
Thy Father's Death---sit lightly at my Heart.
---Despair and Love rack my distracted Soul.
Is there a Burthen, Maid, like hopeless Love?
Yes this Destroyer of Mankind, *Achilles*,
This bloody Author of my Woes, with shame
I own is dearer to my Eyes than Light.

Doris. Tyrannic Love! where will this Passion end?

Eri. I thought to hide in everlasting Silence
This weakness of my Soul---But oh, my Heart,
Unable to contain the swelling Secret,
Thus breaks a Passage thro' my Eyes and Tongue.
Ask me not how, or where, my Hopes were founded;
Whether the Hero's Tenderness inflam'd
The growing Passion, when he sooth'd my Cares,
And with Concern beheld my Chains and Tears.

Doris. When was your Heart first sensible of Love;
Tell me, how came the cruel Victor there?

Eri. Shall I recount the Horrors of that Day,
That dreadful Day, when the fierce Warrior's Sword
Unpeopled *Lesbos*---Speechless, void of Life

Awhile I lay---But when my trembling Eyes
 Return'd to Light---I saw the Victor's Hand
 Had rais'd me from the Earth---He bad me cease
 To weep---the Fair (said he) are ever sacred.
 I sigh'd---and durst not lift my Eyes, to see
 His dreadful Face---his bloody Hand grasp'd mine;
 He led me to embark---yet still my Eyes
 Cast down avoided the detested sight;
 At length I saw him, *Doris*, I beheld
 This dreadful Soldier, then I saw *Achilles*;
 But, oh, his Form had nothing terrible,
 I found my Heart, my Tongue, my very Thoughts
 At once conspir'd, and took the Conqueror's Side.
 Pleas'd; yes, transported with my Chains, I follow'd
 My lovely Guide, my glorious dreadful Leader.

Doris. Then *Iphigenia* still attempts in vain.

Eri. Yes, *Iphigenia* courts in vain my Friendship,
 And loads me every Hour with hateful Favours,
 She is my Hero's joyful promis'd Bride,
 My happy Rival---all her Joys---are Pangs,
 Are Daggers here, ev'n now they pierce my Heart!

Doris. How can your powerless Hate prevent this Marriage?

Had you remain'd within *Mycene's* Walls,
 You might have combated these struggling Passions,
 At least, have sav'd a jealous Heart the Pangs
 Your happy Rival's fight must hourly give.

Eri. A secret Impulse carry'd me away,
 Hurry'd by Fate I came---In hopes I here
 Shou'd heal my Love-sick Mind, and lose my Sorrows:
 These hapless Nuptials will conclude my Fate.

If they succeed, *Eriphile* must die;
 The silent Grave will hide my Love and Shame.

— No, *Doris*, no; they must not, shall meet,
 I'll step between their Hymeneal Joys;
 I'll part 'em — If Despair, or Jealousie,
 Or, hopeless Love, have any Rage or Power.

Doris.

The VICTIM.

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Doris. Compose your self----Behold the happy Father,
And the more happy Daughter, both appear.

Enter Agamemnon and Iphigenia.

Iph. Why will you leave me, Sir? Oh, could you see
How satisfy'd, with what a full Content
My Heart enjoys your Presence, you'd indulge,
Yes, you would give a little to my Fondness:
Lay by a while the weightier Cares of State,
And deign to waste an Hour with *Iphigenia*;
But now you sigh, and turn away your Eyes,
While thus with Joy I run to meet your Blessing.
Why are you alter'd thus? Or how have I
Offended, that I lose my Father's Love?

Agam. My Child---I love thee dearer than my Life.

Iph. Here let me cherish, and with tender Care
Preserve that Love; 'tis as the circling Blood
That beats in every Vein, my Warmth, my Health,
---But all Mankind are Rivals for your Love;
The *Grecians* anxiously strive to raise
Your Fame, and place you in their highest Honours,
Their Princes all obey you; every Blessing
Attends your Wish unask'd, and I may now
Call you with pleasing Pride my happy Father.

Agam. Daughter, you merit a much happier Father.

Iph. What is there wanting to your distant Wishes?
Your Fame, your Dignity stands high, unequal'd;
The brightest Glories that can grace a Throne
Are yours, the bounteous Gods can grant no more.

Agam. Which way shall I prepare her---Oh she sinks
My Soul! her Tenderness unmans me; yet I must,
---I cannot speak---

Iph. Why do you stop your Sighs?
You seem to hide with pain some rising Passion.
Have we without your Orders left *Mycene*?

Agam.

Agam. You never disobey'd me, *Iphigenia*;
Our Joys have always some alloy of Sorrow,
And Dignities are ever mixt with Cares.

Iph. You shall not know a Care while I am here;
Blush nor to be a Father for a Moment.

What will the Princess say, this Royal Maid,
When she beholds you thus neglect my Love?
Oft have I glory'd in my Happiness,

And promis'd some Relief to fair *Eriphile*,
From *Agamemnon's* Goodness and Protection:
How will she take this cold Indifference?

Alas! she sees I have deceiv'd my self
With flattering Hopes——

Agam. Oh Daughter——*Iphigenia*!
What shall I say——my labouring Heart will break.

Iph. Give me your Grief, my Father——let me feel
And share your Sorrow, whatsoe'er it be.

Agam. Ye partial Powers!——Oh, give me Strength and
Virtue.

Iph. Perish th'adulterous Author of this War.

Agam. His Death will cost the Conqueror some Blood.

Iph. The Gods for ever guard your sacred Life.

Agam. The Gods, my Child, are deaf to all our Prayers.

Iph. But *Calchas* now prepares a Sacrifice;
They say that Sacrifice will make us happy.

Agam. May Heav'n before 'tis offer'd be pleas'd.

Iph. When will this Sacrifice be made?

Agam. Too soon.

Iph. Shall we with mutual Prayers assist the Priest,
And jointly offer up our Vows for Greece?

Agam. Yes, Daughter, yes——you will assist the Priest;
Yes; you must offer up your——Vows for Greece.

[Breaking from *Iph.*

Iphigenia.

Iphigenia, Eriphile, and Doris:

Iph. What can thus shake his Mind? I feel his Fears,
And tremble ere I know his Sorrows Cause.
Ye never dying Guardians of the Just,
Ministring Angels, save, defend the King
From this impending Ill, whate'er it be.

Eri. Some Business of the State rolls in his Mind
And breaks his Thoughts; all will be calm again.
If you thus feel imaginary Pains,
How wou'd you bear my Burthen; I, who know
No Parents, no Protector, no Relief?
If *Agamemnon* shou'd neglect your Piety,
Yo'r Royal Mother wou'd repay that loss
With double Fondness; if they both forsake you,
Your Hero, your *Achilles* will receive
And cherish with eternal Love your Beauties.

Iph. Oh fair *Eriphile*, that Godlike Hero
Will soon relieve our Cares, and ease my Heart;
His mighty Soul is fill'd with Love and Glory,
In Arms he rushes dreadful to the War,
Impetuous, rapid as contending Winds,
Rough as the wintry Storm that plows the Deep.
— In Peace he mildly drops the boisterous Warrior,
Then he's all Love, soft as the balmy Air
That gently bends the Herbage, calmly breathes
The Morning Sweets —

Eri. You are all Rapture, Madam.

Iph. All Tongues are eloquent, all Eyes are pleas'd,
And every Heart is warm'd with Joy to see him,
The general Wonder, and the general Love;
Yes, he is all that Woman's Wish can fancy,
To satisfy her Pride, or please her Eyes.

Eri. With what transporting Joy her busie Tongue
Dwells on his Praise! 'tis worse than Death, than Shame!
Her Words are Tongues of Adders, Tails of Scorpions. [*Aside.*

Iph.

Iph. His Fame, his Love, my Parents, and my Duty,
Gave him the full Possession of my Heart:
And now, my Friend, our Lives, like joining Streams,
Unruffled by Adversity or Strife,
Shall flow into Eternity together.

Eri. No, no: I'll raise a Storm shall rack your Peace.
Oh Rage! oh Jealousie!----yet hold my Heart,
My tortur'd Heart!----Curse on their happy Loves. [*Aside.*

Iph. You seem disturb'd, *Eriphile*; the Blood
Glow's in your Face---What has disorder'd you?

Eri. A sudden Pain shot like a Dagger thro' me,
I thought I should have fainted--Pray go on;
You say this Lover, this *Achilles*---

Iph. Yes;
Is he not more than half Divine, *Eriphile*?
----And yet I wonder he so long is absent.
He must have heard of our Arrival here:
My jealous Heart fears ev'ry thing, ev'n you,
My Father, and *Achilles*---All avoid,
Or coldly meet my Love.

Doris. Madam, your Mother,
The Queen appears, the Royal *Clytemnestra*.

Enter Clytemnestra with a Letter.

Clyt. Daughter, we must again revisit *Argos*,
Haste, let us fly and save us from Dishonour.
I no longer wonder, *Agamemnon*
Gave us so cold a Welcome to the Camp.

[*Gives Iph. the Letter.*

Behold this Letter, which was sent by *Arcas*,
Sent to prevent our Journey; but the Message
Miscarry'd, while our Chariot stray'd last Night
In *Aulis* Woods.

Iph. Alas! what do I see?
He writes us here, the mighty Son of *Peleus*, [*Reads.*
Achilles cools, and would defer the Rites

The VICTIM.

21

Of Marriage, till he comes from *Troy* victorious?

Eri. What do I hear? Oh my exulting Heart! [*Afide.*]

Iph. And that this Change, this unexpected Coldness
[*Reads.*]

Proceeds from young *Eriphile*, his Captive.

[*Looking stedfastly on Eriph.*]

-----Oh faithless and unkind!

Eri. What can this mean?

Am I alive, or is it all a Dream?

A pleasing Vision? No; I wake, I live:

And yet the Hero never yet discover'd

To me his Love----how my Transported Soul
Feels the surprizing News!

Clyt. Arm, arm your Mind;

Oh steel with generous Pride your noble Spirit;

I see you Blush, and are concern'd to hear

His Perfidy----But think, my Child, a Soul

That can be false, must be unworthy too;

Stay not to feel the Shame of slighted Love.

Conduct your self, worthy your Royal Birth.

The King shall know our Resolution's fixt,

For our Departure from the Camp this Night.

Madam, we will not press your Company

[*To Eriphile.*]

Back to *Mycene*----We shall leave you here,

In better Hands----False Maid, we know your Wiles;

Your base Designs are now expos'd to Day;

It is not *Calchas* that you seek in *Aulis*.

[*Ex. Clyt.*]

Iphigenia and Eriphile.

Iph. Yes, *Iphigenia*, guard thy Fame, thy Honour;

Tho' thy Heart bleeds, let him not know thy Weakness;

The Tales of faithful Love are Fictions all;

Our Fancies work, a fairy Land, a Bubble;

That with its borrow'd Lights pleases a Moment,

And then expands to empty Air again.

Eriphile,

Eriphile, you're grown a happy Captive:
It seems you hold your Conqueror in Chains.

Eri. Madam, this strange Discourse surprises me.

Iph. 'Tis I shou'd be surpris'd — but since you know not,
I'll tell you — You were once my faithful Friend;

Eriphile, Fate robs me of a Husband;

Will you abandon me, and must I lose

A Friend? — No, no; you will be ever faithful;

You wou'd not leave me, when I came to *Aulis*,

My Company was your Delight, your Life:

I know you will attend me back again.

Eri. I should consult the Priest, before I go.

Iph. Consult him then — and let us go this Moment.

Eri. Perhaps my Business here requires some stay.

Iph. I will no further press you to be gone;

I know your pleasing Business, here in *Aulis*.

Oh, cou'd I ever think *Eriphile*!

Oh, cou'd I ever think *Achilles* false!

Eri. Can you believe I love that furious Man,
Who never met my Eyes, but bath'd in Blood?

Lesbos in Ashes, Fire, and Flame, and Death,

All the dread Storms of War, fore-ran his March.

Then when I saw him first, I saw him fierce,

Unlovely, terrible, and full of Horror:

Could he then make Impressions on my Heart?

Iph. *Eriphile*, you love this dreadful Man;

You know not with what Joy I see you Paint

The Hero bath'd in Blood — this burning *Lesbos*,

This dreadful Storm of War, this Fire, this Fury,

And all the raging Horrors of that Day,

Which your fond Tongue with feign'd Concern repeats,
Point out the Traces of a settled Passion

Imprinted on your Soul: — Your Memory,

Pleas'd with his Deeds, preserves the fatal Tale.

How have I sigh'd to hear your fond Complaints,

And aided all your Counterfeited Grief!

You love him. — Yes; the bloody Warrior still

Dwells

Dwells in your Mind — Perfidious! and Unworthy!
I see th' ill-natur'd Pleasure in your Eyes;
Your haughty Looks insult my injur'd Love.

Eri. Then let me greatly thus avow my Passion:
I love this Demi-god, this Man immortal.
Who is there, so insensible of Glory,
So dead to all Ambition, and the Charms
Of Power and Rule, that could resist *Achilles*?
Ask your own Heart, whence sprung these fond Emotions;
Did they not lift your Soul, and swell your Breast
With extasie, while you believ'd him yours?

Forgive me, Madam, while I own a Pleasure
Too great to be conceal'd, --- You urg'd it from me.
And while you call'd him mine, th' unruly Joy
Broke thro' all Bounds, and with uncommon Ardour
Grac'd every Motion, spoke in every Look.

Iph. Do---Glory in thy Crime, be fond of Guilt;
False to thy Friend, and Trust---be greatly false,
And loudly boast thy Shame!---the Son of *Thetis*,
And false *Eriphile*, have Hearts alike.

Eri. If there's a Joy on Earth, beyond the Rapture
Of two united Hearts, 'tis to behold
A slighted Rival's Pangs,----Yes, my *Achilles*
Is all; he shall, he will be ever mine;
I rule with absolute Command his Heart.

Iph. Yet oh! remember, insolent, proud Woman;
This perjur'd Man will be forsworn again;
Remember, I shall see your Hero's Vows
Paid to another Shrine,---For be assur'd,
The Man, who once was false, can ne'er be true.
Perhaps this Wanderer may return to me:
You may, with jealous Rage, behold these Charms
Victorious, as my Honour; while with Pride,
With virtuous Pride, I see you both despair.
For your weak Mind, dispirited with Vice,
Knows not the Fortitude to Suffer Ills.

Eri.

Eri. Accuse your feeble Charms, which wanted Strength
To Fix a Heart, they only faintly warm'd.

My pointed Eyes, with animated Fires,
And Force unerring, Conquer'd all the Hero.

When I appear'd, your languid Beauties dy'd:

My Absence only gave 'em Light and Being.

" So when from Western Hills the burning Sun

" Descends, and leaves his Empire to the Moon,

" False Meteors glare, and scatter'd Drops of Light;

" With glow-worm Spangles, dress the gloom of Night.

" But as the Radiant God remounts his Carr,

" The borrow'd Vapours swiftly disappear;

" They fly the Force of his celestial Ray,

" Or their pale Lights are lost in Floods of Day.

Iph. Could I believe a perjur'd Lover's Loss

Worthy my Care, I might, secure to Conquer,

Arm these neglected Eyes with killing Charms;

And show thee how thy arrogant, vain Soul

O'er-rates thy trifling Form;---But learn from me,

The Virgin's lasting Beauties are her Blushes;

And she who can descend t'insnare her Lover,

Will lose him when the poor Deceit is known.

Yet more to mortify thy daring Pride;

Remember, *Agamemnon* Rules in Greece:

My Father here bears Sway---Yes, your *Achilles*,

And you the Minion of his fond Addressee,

May find, that Wrongs like mine demand Redress.

Achilles Enters.

Eri. He comes --- He comes --- the fluttering Guest
within

Fears, lest her Jealousies should all prove false.

---My doubting Heart is on the Rack: My Life,

My Death depends on this important Moment!

Achil. Fair *Iphigenia*, welcome to the Camp,
I am surpriz'd with equal Joy and Wonder,

To

To find you, thus unlook'd for, here in *Aulis*.

Iph. Be not surpriz'd, my Lord; I'll soon be gone, [*Going*.
And make your Wonder sink below your Joy.

Achil. Illustrious Maid, say how have I offended?

[*Holding her.*

You shall not go---Give me to know the Cause
Why thy bright Eyes shoot those disdainful Fires,
Why all thy Beauties redden thus with Anger;
What unknown Crime have I committed?---Speak.

Iph. How hard 'tis to dissemble well, *Achilles*!

I can't so readily relate the Story,

Your *Lesbian* Captive will inform you all.

[*Exit Iph.*

Eriphile, Achilles, Doris.

Achil. She flies me! Do I wake? or is this all
Illusion only, and the Sport of Fancy?

Alas! I feel it here, I cannot bear it.

How have I merited, oh Charming Maid,

How has my faithful Heart deserv'd thy Scorn?

Eri. Oh Heav'n! He loves her still!-----Behold! He
sinks,

Unable to support her dreadful Anger.

Ah short-liv'd Joy! Once more I am undone.

[*Aside.*

Achil. Madam, if yet you can behold *Achilles*,

Without remembring he was once your Foe,

Permit me to petition you, to know

Why *Iphigenia* meets my Eyes with Scorn.

Oh fair *Eriphile*, if e'er you lov'd,

If e'er your tender Heart was sensible

Of that soft Passion, think what I endure.

Pity, assist me, tell me what's the Cause;

For you, I'm sure, must know her inmost Secrets,

Th'accursed Cause why *Iphigenia* frowns.

Eri. Yes, Sir, my Soul is sensible of Love,

And I can pity Lovers fond Distresses.

----But you and *Iphigenia* both are happy.

Achil. How, happy! Did you not regard her Eyes,
With what Disdain they shot their beamy Fires?
Wou'd she endure my Sight, or hear me speak?

Eri. I see your Soul is rapt in *Iphigenia*.

Achil. *Eriphile*, she rivals my Ambition,
Dear to my Soul as the Desire of Fame;
Oh she's divinely Fair, divinely Good,
More beautiful than the bright *Cyprian* Goddess,
Chast as the Virgin Huntress of the Woods.

Eri. Thrice happy Maid, thrice happy *Iphigenia*,
Cou'd she repay with mutual Love this Passion.
But know, young Son of *Thetis*, Virgins Hearts
Receive with Warmth and Force their first Impressions.
Suppose her Heart engag'd. — What if her Duty
At first oblig'd her to admit your Vows,
While for some happier Youth she still reserv'd
The secret Wishes of her Maiden Love;
And now she sees these hated Nuptials near
She starts, she trembles, and beholds with Horror
Th' Approaching Hour — Perhaps, these are the Reasons
Why she receives you thus — Observe her Eyes,
Her Sighs, her Tears; they openly declare,
She thinks you the dire Cause of all her Woe.

Achil. Hah! thou hast rous'd my sleeping Jealousie,
Were all her Vows the cold Effects of Duty?
No, no; I'll not believe it. Her chaste Mind
Is pure and guileless — thy Suspicion's base.
--- Yet something stirs the Camp --- the *Grecian* Princes
Behold *Achilles* all with hostile Eyes:
Ev'n now proud *Menelaus* and *Ulysses*
Both arm'd their Eloquence to cross my Love.
They told me that my Honour too must suffer,
If I should press this Marriage with the Princess.
What dreadful Enterprize have they in View?
Why do they thus obscurely half reveal,
What both concerns my Honour and my Mistress?
I'll know this Secret; instantly I'll know it:

I'll force it from 'em. My distracted Soul
Burns in suspense between my Love and Glory.

[Exit Achilles.

Eriphile, Doris:

Eri. Gods, who behold my Shame, conceal it too.

Proud Rival, thou hast all my Hero's Love.

Must I for ever live to be thy Triumph,

Insulted by thy Happiness? — Yet tell me,

Say Doris, have we yet one Hope?—there is,

A louring Cloud yet blackens o'er their Heads;

Yet *Iphigenia* thinks her Lover false:

Achilles is deceiv'd, and *Agamemnon*

Sends from his labouring Bosom secret Sighs.

I'll wait th' Event. What, tho' my rigid Stars

Shou'd still frown on, Despair will guide my Hand,

And Animate my Soul to part these Lovers.

Thus when, with jealous Rage, the Wife of *Jove*

Saw his stoln Loves in the *Nonacrian* Grove,

In vain the Conscious Virgin urg'd a Rape,

The Thunderer's Power, and *Cynthia's* borrow'd Shape:

Rash Maid, she cry'd, 'tis Criminal to please;

Thy Ruin only can my Wrath appease.

Thy Beauties shall no more my Fears allarm.

The Goddess spoke, with Indignation warm,

And let her Vengeance loose on every Rival Charm.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Agamemnon and Clytemnestra.

Clyt. YES, we prepar'd, my Lord, to leave the Camp,
The Camp and false *Achilles*; *Iphigenia*
Felt all the Pangs, that ever lovesick Maid
Receiv'd from faithless Man---her Noble Heart
Yet struggled to conceal th'unworthy Flame;
But Sighs, and secret Tears, and sudden Blushes
Reveal'd the sad Disorder of her Mind.

---When the young Hero, wondring at our Flight,
And her Resentment, fell upon his Knees,
And fir'd with just Disdain, to hear his Love
Prophan'd; Confirm'd it with the warmest Vows,
And press'd the sacred Rites might be perform'd,
This very Day perform'd---To your Pavilion
He bends his Course, the Marriage must be now,
That will for ever silence base Reports.

Agam. Enough! I do believe *Achilles* true.
Well---We'll perform this Marriage instantly,
Calchas shall join their Hands before the Gods:
But be you absent from this nuptial Sacrifice,
And leave to me alone the sacred Care.

Clyt. My Lord, I cannot justify my Absence;
I must be there; behold the pleasing Pomp
With Transport, see the blissful Union made,
And give the blushing Bride to her fond Lover.

Agam. You're now not in the Palace of *Atrides*,
But in a Camp---

Clyt. A Camp where you Command,
Where *Asia's* Fate depends upon your Arms,
Where the great Son of *Thetis* calls you Father:
What Pomp, what Splendor, what Magnificence

Can *Atreus*' Palace give exceeding this?

Agam. Now in the Name of those Immortal Gods,
Who gave us Being, from whose Race we spring,
Grant my Request; Do not attend this Marriage.-
I have my Reasons why you shou'd be absent.

Clyt. How can you rob me of the pleasing Sight?
Why shou'd you blush to see your *Clytemnestra*
Give *Agamemnon*'s Daughter to *Achilles*?

Agam. I hop'd I might prevail by mild Persuasion;
But since the Force of Reason stirs you not,
Know 'tis my Will you come not to the Altar.

'Tis my Command; reply not, but obey. [Exit *Agam.*]

Clytemnestra alone.

Why should the King detain me from the Altar?

Am I unworthy, since this Dignity,

To share his Honours and partake his Glory?

Or does he fear his new unsettled Rule,

And dares not shew the *Grecians* *Helen*'s Sister?

Does he for this avoid me? 'tis unjust

He shou'd reflect my Sister's Shame on me.

But 'tis his Will, and therefore I obey.

Behold *Achilles*; see th' impatient Bridegroom.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. All things succeed, and answer to our Hopes.

Madam, the King is satisfy'd---He knows,

He sees, he trusts the Transports of my Love:

And when I wou'd have spoke to clear my Honour

He clos'd me in his Arms, and call'd me Son.

The Camp is all in Joy; Did you not hear

What Blessings have attended you to *Aulis*?

Clyt. Is there a Blessing dearer to my Soul,
Than what I now-enjoy in this Alliance?

Achil. When you arriv'd, *Calchas* aloud proclaim'd
 The Wrath of all the Gods wou'd be appeas'd:
Neptune will hear our Prayers, and the loud Winds
 Be summon'd from their Caverns to our Aid.
 And now the busie Mariners unfurl
 Their slackend Sails, and now they wait the Signal
 To call our Troops on Board, and weigh their Anchors.

For me, if Heaven wou'd so indulge my Love,
 I wish the Winds might not so soon return.
 'Tis with Regret that I, so young a Bridegroom,
 Shall be oblig'd to leave this pleasing Shore.
 But when the Trumpet speaks, 'tis Honour's Voice,
 Nor must we lose the glorious great Occasion
 To punish, to chastise this Ravisher
 Of *Clytemnestra's* Sister-----All your Wrongs
 Are by this great Alliance made my own.

Enter Iphigenia, Eriphile, Doris and Ægina.

Achil. to Iph. Oh thou my future Happiness and Life,
 Illustrious Maid, let us attend the Priest;
 There, in the Presence of th' auspicious Gods,
 Profess eternal Unity and Love.

Iph. Before we tie this ever-hallow'd Knot,
 I hope the Queen will suffer me to ask
 A Pledge of all your promis'd Faith and Love.
 ---I here present before you a young Princess,
 Heaven on her Face imprints her Royal Birth,
 Her Eyes have all her Days been wet with Tears,
 You know her Miseries, she's yours by Conquest;
 Ev'n I my self, transported with blind Rage,
 This Morning added to her many Grievs;
 What can I less than by my readiest Aid
 Repair the Wrongs she suffered from my Words?
 She is your Captive, Sir, I ask her Freedom:
 Begin this happy Day to bless Mankind.

Eri.

Eri. Her cunning wot'd remove me from his Presence:
Oh Counterfeited Love! — Oh female Friendship!

[*Aside.*]

Iphi. The Hero does not only draw his Sword
To tame and conquer a Rebellious World,
But like the Gods, whose mighty Stamp he bears,
To succour and relieve th'Unfortunate.

Eri. My Burthen is too great for Life to bear.
My Lord, at *Lesbos* I became your Slave;
'Tis too too much to load me thus with Sorrow.
The Torments that I here endure are more,
Are more than Words can tell, or Tears express.

Achil. How Madam! tho' Captivity's a Burthen —

Eri. Cou'd you Impose on me a harder Law,
Than thus to make my Eyes mournful Spectators
Of all my cruel Foes Felicity?

Where-e'er I look I see a numerous Host,
Prepar'd with Fire and Sword to sack my Country:
This Marriage too strengthens your strict Alliance,
And makes our Fate inevitably certain.
Permit me then, at distance from the Camp,
At distance from this hated Camp and you,
To seek some melancholy lone Retreat,
Ever unfortunate, ever unknown.

Achil. Enough, fair Princess; Follow to the Altar.
There in the sight of the whole *Grecian* Army,
I'll give thee, beauteous Pris'ner, Liberty.
That happy Moment which for ever joins
My Hand and Heart to Royal *Iphigenia*,
Shall be the happy Moment of your Freedom.

[*As they are going Arcas meets 'em.*]

Arc. All things are ready for the pious Pomp:
The King awaits his Daughter at the Altar.
I---in his Name demand her---rather, Madam, [*To Clyt.*]
Let me implore your Royal Aid against him.

Clyt. What say'st thou, *Arcas*? wherefore dost thou
kneel?

Arc. You only can defend her. [To Achil.

Achil. Against whom?

And whom should I defend? Collect thy Spirits,
And speak th'important Message fully to us.

Arc. I name and I accuse him with Regret;

Yet while I cou'd I kept his fatal Secret:

But now my Love, my Duty bids me speak.

----The Knife, the Fillet, and the Pyle are ready;

Stern *Calchas* stands prepar'd to give the Blow,

While on each side the busie Priests attend,

To mix the sacred Wine with flowing Blood----

Clyt. Why dost thou Pause?-----explain thy self, good

Arcas.

Achil. Whatever 'tis, speak boldly; fear not, Soldier.

Arc. You are her Lover, Sir---and you her Mother-----

Oh Save, preserve the Princess from her Father.

Clyt. What dost thou say? Preserve her from her Father?

Achil. What shou'd we fear from *Agamemnon*, *Arcas*?

Arc. He now attends *Diana's* holy Shrine,

And now, ev'n now, expects the *Virgin Sacrifice*?

Achil. Whom wou'd he Sacrifice? [Pointing to Iph.

Clyt. His Child!

Iph. My Father!

Eri. Just Heav'n, what do I hear? Oh *Doris*, *Doris*,

A glimm'ring Dawn of Happiness strikes thro'

The Gloom of my Despair!----My Rival dies! [Aside.

Achil. What frantick Rage arms him against his Child?

Thy Story, *Arcas*, chills my Blood with Horror.

Arc. The Priests cry out, the *Grecian Empire's* Weal,

And the whole Fate of *Troy*, depend on this:

Our Oracles by *Calchas* loudly call

For *Iphigenia's* Blood; the Gods demand her.

Iph. Ye Righteous Gods, what is my Crime unknown?

Clyt. I now no longer wonder that the King

Forbad me to approach these sacred Rites.

Eri. Haste, let us fly before 'em to the Altar:

We'll see this dreadful pleasing Sacrifice! [Aside to *Doris*.

What tho' the Son of *Thetis* ne'er be mine,

The

The VICTIM. 33

The most Consummate Joy my Soul can taste,
Will be to see her forc'd from her fond Hero.

Iph. Are these our marriage Rites, Oh my *Achilles*?

Arc. The People think, as first the King declar'd,
Our Altars were adorn'd to grace your Nuptials.

Clyt. My Lord, thus low before your Feet I fall;
Oh let our Tears provoke your ready Aid;
She is your Bride; with pleasing Haste she came
From *Argos*, to receive her promis'd Hero.

With Tears of Joy you met her fond Embraces:
And will her Godlike Master tamely see

The Darling of his Soul torn from his Arms?
Shall she Embrace their Shrines with Suppliant Hands,

And vainly beg the rigid Gods for Mercy?

Oh Sir, you are her only Hope, her Help,

Her Father, Husband, Altar, and her God.

Oh save, defend her from the bloody Priest.

You do, you will: I see you feel our Wrongs.

I'll instantly attend their horrid Pomp,

And know what Oracle has thus proclaim'd.

My Daughter's Fate; Guard her till I return.

If nothing can divert the fatal Blow,

The Cruel King shall see me perish with her. [Exit A.]

Iphigenia and Achilles.

Achil. The Horror of this dreadful Incident
Had struck me dumb and motionless; I saw

Your Royal Mother bending at my Feet,

And begging with her Tears my speedy Aid.

---Who has more Interest in your Life than I?

Shall *Iphigenia* bleed, and *Thetis*' Son

With Unconcern behold the Butcher Priest

Bath'd in his Mistress Blood?---No, Madam, No:

Repose your self---I'll answer for a Life

Much dearer than my own---Your Happiness

Is interwoven, struck into my Being,

'Tis mingled with the vital Stream that rolls
Thro' all this Frame—— But I'll revenge my Wrongs.
'Tis not enough that I defend my Love,
No! the Contrivers of this bloody Stratagem,
Who durst thus arm my Name against your Life,
Shall dearly pay the Purchase of their Fraud. [*Is going.*]

Iph. Oh stay, my Lord, and deign to hear me speak.

Achil. Inhuman Agamemnon! was not I
Prepar'd to vindicate your Sister's Wrongs?
Why this Affront to me? this cruel Outrage?
I first of all the Princes gave this Man,
This barbarous Man, my Suffrage to command:
I Nam'd him Chief of all the Twenty Kings
Who rival'd him in Empire—— Yes, I rais'd,
I first created him this God on Earth,
And now he levels all his Bolts at me.

Iph. Consider yet, my Lord, that Agamemnon-----

Achil. My Love, my Anger and my just Disdain
Call loudly for Revenge---- Oh *Iphigenia*!
Had I remain'd one Moment more in *Lesbos*,
Who cou'd have sav'd thee from their bloody Rage?
In vain thou wou'dst have sought thy Husband here;
For thy Inhuman Father, not content
To violate the Laws of Love and Nature,
Cloath'd and disguis'd his savage Purposes
With the soft Name of Marriage--- As my Bride,
He wou'd have led you to the pompous Altar.
-----Gods! I'll be satisfy'd ---My Name's abus'd,
The *Grecian* Princes shall command Redress,
And heal my wounded, my insulted Honour.

Iph. Alas! if once you lov'd, you wou'd restrain
These unkind Words, and ere you speak, reflect,
This Barbarous, this Inhuman, Cruel Man,
Whate'er he is besides, is still my Father.

Achil. No, he has forfeited that pious Name;
He's your Assassin now, your Murderer.

Iph. 'Tis with the utmost Pain you wound my Soul,
When thus you call him Cruel and Unkind.
And wherefore is he Cruel? Why Unkind?
Do not his Groans incessantly proclaim
The weighty Grief that loads his suffering Mind?
What Father thus wou'd lose a Child he lov'd?
Oh, I beheld the Tears stream down his Cheeks,
When first he found he could not save my Life.

---Accuse him not, till you have heard his Reasons;
Add not, to all the Horrors of this Day,
The Loss of your Alliance---*Agamemnon*
Will satisfy your Doubts---When I am dead,
Your Friendship may continue, to reform
And bless Mankind; If *Iphigenia's* Memory
Raises a pious Sigh, or kind Reflection,
'Twill be a grateful Tribute to her Love.

Achil. How, Madam! then, amidst these Dangers round
you,

Your Fears are only lest you should Offend
This Cruel Man! What can I call him less,
Who thus demands your unoffending Life?
And when I would oppose my timely Hand
To stop his Rage---his Quiet, his Repose,
Is all your Care! Oh Rigid and Unkind,
Both to your self and me---Oh *Iphigenia*,
Does faithful Love merit this cold Return?

Iph. Injurious Man, can you suspect my Love?
How brightly has it shone? how have I prov'd it?
You saw me now receive the dreadful Summons
To sudden Death, unshaken and resolv'd.
Say, did my Eyes drop one reluctant Tear?
Have I yet murmur'd out a Sigh, or trembled?
---Yet when the News of your Inconstancy
Arriv'd, it planted Daggers in my Heart,
To what a height did my Despair arise?
And when I found you true, what were my Joys?
'Tis therefore, therefore 'tis the Angry Gods
Devoted me to die; I fondly thought

(So greatly, so excessively I lov'd)
Immortal Happiness below my Wish.

Achil. Oh thou kind tender Partner of my Life;
Live for my sake — let me Petition thee
To save my Love — My Soul is bound in thine.

Enter Clytemnestra and Ægina.

Clyt. All's lost, my Lord, without your timely Aid;
The King with care avoids and fears my Presence;
He has refus'd to see or hear me speak;
The Guards, by his particular Command,
Surround the Altar, and defend each Avenue.

Achil. 'Tis well — this stubborn King rules absolute.
Madam, *Atrides*, shall both see and hear me;
I'll open you a Passage through his Guards.

[*Achilles leading off Clytemnestra.*

Iph. Yet stay, *Achilles*: what would you attempt?
Oh whither would your generous Passion drive you?

Achil. What'er you ask against your self is vain,
We must oppose you, to protect your Life.

Clyt. What would'st thou *Iphigenia*? say, my Child.

Iph. Restrain the Passion of a furious Lover;
Let not my Father and *Achilles* meet.

Achilles, full of Fire and deep Resentment,
Will aggravate his Sorrows with Reproaches.

My Father's justly jealous of his Power,
And full of Heat — No; let us gently try

By softer Means to work upon his Soul;
He'll come himself, surpris'd at my delay,

To lead me, to conduct me to the Altar.

Then he'll behold an oppress'd Mother's Grief;

I know he'll feel our Sorrows, and remit

The fatal Sentence of offended Heav'n.

— Yet should he still pursue, with Constancy,

The dire Decrees above — Oh my *Achilles*,

I'll ask; — what, yet I never did intend,

I'll ask, with Tears, my Life-----I'll strive to pay,
The mighty Debt I owe, and live for you.

Achil. Go, plead thy moving Cause, thou suffering Maid,
Recal his Reason, his Humanity,
His Love, his Duty; say 'tis my Request,
For yours, for my Repose, and for his own.

—But if our Words succeed not, we must Act.

Madam, I wholly am dispos'd to serve you, [To Clyt,

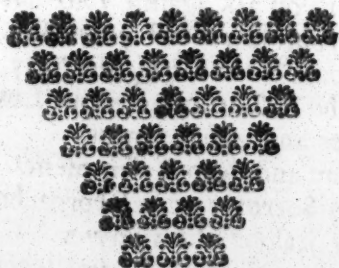
Let me conduct you to your own Apartment.

Your Daughter shall not die, you have my Word,

Her sacred Life is guarded by my Sword;

The Subtle Priests shall find, her Destiny

Is not in them, nor in their Gods, but me. [Exeunt,



ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Eriphile and Doris.

Eri. NO, never, never was my Soul as now
 Disquieted, and torn with wild Distraction.
 With envious Eyes I see her glorious Danger,
 Behold her Great, triumphant in her Woe.
 Didst thou not mark her Pride, when she perceiv'd
Achilles greatly mov'd with her Misfortunes?
 This Heroe, terrible to Humankind,
 Who never weakly melted into Softness,
 Bred in his Youth, and harden'd to Destruction,
 Who first receiv'd, as busie Fame reports,
 His Food from Savages, while in a Desert
 The Infant God was nourish'd by a Tygress;
 -----Yes, he relented-----Gods! I saw his Eyes
 Shed the big Drops; yes, his whole Soul relented,
 And all the Heroe sunk into the Lover.
 -----What Racks-----what Tortures would I not in-
 dure?

What lingring Ages of Despair and Death,
 To draw one Tear from this immortal Man?

Doris. Let her enjoy her fruitless Pride, and die.

Eri. No, no, she will not die; her haughty Lover,
Achilles, will remove all Obstacles:

Her gentle Resignation to Heav'n's Will,
 Her pious Tears, her Heart that bleeds to part
 With Life and him, and all this Pomp of Grief,
 Will more indear her to his Soul than ever.

Doris. He dares not rob the Altar; haughty *Calchas*
 Will arm the People and the Gods against him.

Eri. Dost thou not see how cautiously they act?
 The fatal Sentence is with Care conceal'd,

Nor

Not does the Camp yet know their Royal Victim.

Yet *Agamemnon* doubts and feels his Blood

Rebel against the Dictates of the Gods.

Oh *Doris*! how, how will his staggering Mind

Sustain th' Attacks of Nature?-----his Wife's Rage?-----

His Daughters Tears?-----and fierce *Achilles*' Wrath?

No, no; the Gods in vain doom her to die.

I am, and I alone must still remain

Unfortunate-----and yet, if I must perish,

Why should I fall alone!-----it shall be done.

Dor. What horrid Image strikes your feverish Mind?

Why does your troubled Fancy raise new Terrors?

Eri. I'll instantly proclaim, through all the Camp,

The Gods demand their Victim, *Iphigenia*,

That still their impious King keeps back the Sacrifice;

That dreadful Vengeance waits to punish all

For *Agamemnon*'s Sacrilege-----I'll blow

The murmuring Soldier into mad Sedition.

Doris. Think coolly, Madam, think what Consequence.

Eri. Troy will enrol my Name among her Gods,

And all her Domes breathe Clouds of grateful Incense,

If thus I can disturb their Peace, thus break

Their strong Alliance, cherish their Divisions;

Arm proud *Achilles* against *Agamemnon*,

And turn their sharpen'd Points to civil Fury.

Dor. I apprehend your rash Design; but see

Where *Clytemnestra* comes-----let us avoid her.

Eri. Yet *Doris*, let us still with care consult

What further must be done to make secure

This Sacrifice-----'tis pleasing to the Gods;

'Tis seconding and aiding their Commands.

[*Exeunt Eriph. and Doris.*]

Clytem.

The VICTIM.

Clytemnestra and Agamemnon meeting.

Agam. Why, Madam, are my Orders disobey'd?
I sent by *Arcas*, to demand your Daughter;
Do you with-hold her from the sacred Rites;
Why will you still dispute my just Commands?

Clyt. Sir, you shall be obey'd; but is there not
Some kind fore-warning Power that moves within you,
And bids you wish these Rites might be delay'd?

Agam. The sacred Shrine is dress'd; the Priest prepar'd.

Clyt. But where's the Victim — Cruel *Agamemnon*.

Agam. Hah! — then the fatal Secret is reveal'd.

Clyt. Come forth my Child, attend your pious Father;

Enter Iphigenia, and kneels to Agamemnon.

Kneel, kneel, and thank him for his tender Love;
He comes himself to lead you to the Altar.

Agam. Rise, *Iphigenia* --- Wherefore dost thou kneel,
And weep, and sigh? Why are thy mourning Eyes
Dejected, fix'd on Earth? Oh! 'tis too plain,
Arcas, perfidious *Arcas*, has betray'd me.

Iph. Complain not, Sir --- you shall not be betray'd,
Your Will shall be submitted to --- I'll die.
My Life is yours, you but recal your own.
With the same Heart contented and resign'd,
With which I thought to find my promis'd Lord,
You shall behold your Victim meet the Blow.

Agam. Fairest Example of exalted Virtue;
Oh glorious Maid --- my Child, my *Iphigenia*!

Iph. And yet if this respectful Love, this Duty
Appears to merit any Recompence;
Might I not wish --- surrounded thus with Honours,
Not to be torn away by sudden Death?
So sudden, I can hardly say, Farewel,
Or call you by the much-lov'd Name of Father.

Yes,

The VICTIM.

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Yes, I have been the Pleasure of your Eyes.
Once prodigally kind you lov'd your Child;
How often have you held me in your Arms,
And thank'd the Gods in transport for the Blessing?
Nor wou'd you blush to own the honest Weakness;
---Oh, with what Joy, what Fondness wou'd you hear
My Infant Tongue preface your glorious Battels;
How often did I then foretel the Fate
Of haughty *Troy*---and dress my Victories
In childish Eloquence--I little thought
That I must first fall by my Father's Hand,
And pay with *Agamemnon's* Blood the Triumph.

Agam. Oh, why dost thou repeat this moving Tale?

Iph. Not that I fear the Blow, or shake at Death.
Do I remind you of your former Goodness;
My Heart is truly jealous of your Honour.
Believe me, were my Life alone concern'd,
I wou'd not thus recount your former Love;
Nor wound you with the tender dear Remembrance.

---But on my Fate, the Weal, the Happiness
Of an indulgent Mother's Life depends:
And that brave Prince, the Godlike Son of *Thetis*,
A Prince who might, if the just Gods had pleas'd,
Have given new Honours to your deathless Name:
For you permitted me to hear his Passion,
And favour all his faithful Vows of Love;
He knows your Purpose, be the Judge your self,
How his unconquer'd Spirit beats and rages,
Lost in a wild of Passion and Despair.

---Oh Pardon, Sir, these strugglings of my Soul,
To save a tender Mother and a Lover.

Agam. Daughter, 'tis true; I know not for what Crime
The mighty Gods ask from our House a Victim;
But you are pointed out; the Blood of *Helen*
Must stain their Altars, and prevent their Judgments:

---Oh think not, *Iphigenia*, that my Love
Waited 'till you petition'd for your Life.

What

What have I not endeavour'd to preserve you?
 This Morning I recall'd those fatal Orders
 Which summon'd you to *Aulis* ---but in vain.
 Some Power unseen broke thro' my weak Attempt,
 Deceiv'd the Care of an unhappy Father,
 Who impiously protects what Heav'n condemns.

Iph. Let us then yield to Heav'n---lead on, my Father,
 The Gods and *Agamemnon* ask my Life,
 ---Lead on---'tis impious to contend or grieve.

Agam. Greatly resolv'd----Oh thou brave Child of
 Virtue,

In thee our high Alliance with the Gods
 Shines forth;---yet I applaud with Pain,
 With Torture, thy Heroic Resolution.
 ---We must obey---the dreadful Hour is come;

Go then, resign thy dear important Life,
 To intercept the Vengeance of the Gods,
 Least it should fall on *Greece*---there let 'em know
 'Tis *Agamemnon's* Blood that saves his Country.

Clyt. Inhuman! you confess your guilty Race,
 Sprung from the Blood of *Atreus* and *Thyestes*:
 Is this the happy pleasing Sacrifice,
 With so much Care, such Artifice prepar'd?
 Think'st thou with Tears to moderate thy Crime?
 This Oracle it seems calls for her Life.

Will Heav'n be honour'd by a barbarous Murther?
 ---If for the Crime of *Helen*, *Helen's* Race

Must bleed; recall *Hermione* from *Sparta*:

Let *Menelaus* with his Daughter's Life

Abolve, and so redeem his ravish'd Spouse:

This *Helen*, who disturbs *Europe* and *Asia*,

Is she a Prize worthy your great Contention?

A shameless Woman; *Theseus* stole her first

From *Lacedæmon*, long ere *Menelaus*

Espous'd her: Yes, we all have often heard

Calchas declare, a Princess then was born

By that stoln Marriage, who is still unknown.

Agam.

Agam. Wilt thou presume with Arguments to stop,
Or contravert the Dictates of the Gods?
Against high Heav'n, our Reason and our Power
Are weaker than autumnal Leaves, blown off
And scatter'd by the Winds——Vain Arrogance.

Clyt. It must not, shall not be; no, *Agamemnon*;
I will preserve my Child, or offer up
A double Sacrifice to angry Heav'n.

-----Yes, *Iphigenia*, if I cannot save thee,
The cruel King shall never part us more,
For if we must not live, we'll dye together.

[*Exit Clytem. leading Iphigenia.*]

Agamemnon alone.

Just Heav'n! why am I not divested, stript
Of Nature, Reason, and Humanity,
And harden'd to perform your bloody Laws?
Oh, wherefore have I yet a Father's Heart?
'Tis too too much;---And yet Heroic Virtue
Is wrought in Fire, and he must bravely bear
The Storms of Life, who works his Way to Glory.

Enter Menelaus.

Mene. Oh, Son of *Atreus*, haste and save your People,
Your Glory, and your Duty to high Heav'n:
Calchas, incens'd at your Delays, demands
Why you detain the Victim of *Diana*.
New inauspicious Omens fright the Priests,
No other Sacrifice will be receiv'd;
The lockt-up Winds do yet refuse their Aid.
Oh, think your lingring Army here must perish,
Must perish all; our Wrongs be unreveng'd.

Agam. Oh, *Menelaus*! Brother! *Helen's* Rape
Will amply be reveng'd; the rigid Gods
O'er-rate yon *Asian* Towers; tho' Victory

Crown

Crown all our Toils, the Victor is undone.

---Must *Iphigenia* die for *Helen's* Crime?

Is Virtue made the Martyr of Dishonour?

Men. Not for the Crime of *Helen*, but the Wrongs
Of *Greece*; we arm---had they return'd, or punish'd
The lawless Ravisher, they had not broke
The sacred Laws of Nations---Nor had then
These glorious Chiefs assembled here in Arms,
Drawn forth in dreadful bright Array of Battel:
---Why are those awful Powers above concern'd
To give our Arms Success? why do they ask
This spotless Victim, but to purifie
The *Grecian* Camp, and give a Wind for *Troy*?

Agam. Wherefore should *Iphigenia's* Life alone---

Men. What Blood is worthy chaste *Diana's* Altar,
But *Iphigenia's*? Who but *Agamemnon*
Should vindicate his injur'd Subjects Wrongs?

Oh, *King of Men*, which of us would not bleed
To save or to augment his Country's Glory?

Agam. Oh dangerous height! oh Glory to be pity'd!

Men. Away, *Atrides*; think no longer; Act.

We climb on high with Labour, the Ascent
Is steep and arduous to consummate Virtue.

Agam. Shall I then, *Menelaus*, must I see
The Butcher Priest, surrounded by the Croud,
The barbarous Multitude, slaughter my Child,
Open her bleeding Breast, and while the Heart
Yet beats, with Horror see the streaming Blood
Gush in tumultuous Torrents from the Wound?
While with erected Eyes, and crimson'd Hands,
Calchas consults the Gods, grown exorable,
And satiated with Blood, inclin'd to Mercy.

Men. And can your obstinate, hard Disobedience?
Can all your Fears, or Menaces, or Arms,
Now Heav'n demands her Life, preserve your Child?

Agam. Suppose these Priests abuse the Name they Worship.
At first Beasts only bled; now human Gore

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Oh,

With frequent Sacrifice distains their Shrines:

In holy Leading-Rings the Infant Bigot,
Like the devoted Brute, follows his Priest,
And bleeds, to magnifie the pious Pomp.

O Luxury of Pride! — Oh impious Pageantry!

Men. Take heed of impious Thoughts; when Heavenly
Wrath

Descends in sweeping Plagues, and thins your People;
When you and all your Race, to future times,
Accurs'd, shall groan beneath its Iron Rod;
It will be then too late to call for Mercy.

Agam. It may be so — Perhaps th'offended Gods,
To satisfy their Justice for my Crimes,
Command her Death — Perhaps the subtle Priests
Have forg'd this rigorous Sentence — Oh, my Soul!
How shall I act? — the struggling Passions meet,
Distract, divide, and tear me from my self —

Now pleading Nature strikes my Soul with Horror,
And cries aloud; O murder not thy Child,
By a too hasty Zeal and credulous Fear!

And now the Conscience of my Royal Duty,
And what I owe to Greece, returns, and checks
My tender Fear, and calls it Sacrilege.

Immortal Orb! bright Source and vital Spring!

[Kneeling.

Diffusive Being! — And thou, Father Jove,
Father of Gods and Men, inlighten me,
That I may know and execute thy Laws.

Men. I see your Nature's stirr'd, I see, I feel
With you, your Soul is fond of *Iphigenia*.

Agam. In her I had laid up Treasures for my Age,
And hoarded Joys to bless the calmer Evening
Of busie Life — I know no other Comfort:
Let me confess a Father's Weakness to thee:

[Falls on Menelaus's Neck, and weeps.

Support me, Gods! — Now all my Soul is open,
Oh, let me thus, thus let me speak her Loss!

— But

—But 'tis the Will of Heav'n, and I obey:
I know you'll say these Tears are most unmanly!
I've done-----And yet 'tis the last tender Debt
I e'er shall pay her pious Love and Duty.

Men. Now, on my Soul, the *Chords* of his big Heart
Are tortur'd on the Rack-----Oh, Son of *Atreus*!
Think you are yet a King, supreme of Men.

Agam. Had I been blest'd with humble Poverty,
Freed from this Yoak, this haughty Yoak, Ambition,
And cover'd by Obscurity from Danger,
I had possess'd in Peace my *Iphigenia*.
Merciless Gods! take back your Purple Glories,
Strip me of Subjects, Titles, Power and Rule:
Oh, give me only, give me to preserve
My virtuous Child!

Men. My flowing Eyes, my Heart,
With Sympathetic Sorrow feel thy Grief:
Let all our Wrongs be unreveng'd; for mine
I give 'em- ---I release 'em to thy Sorrows.
-----Repose your self-----We will at least defer
This bloody Sentence-----I'll return in haste
To *Calchas*, and oblige the angry Priest
To wait a second Order from the Gods:
Yet we shall gain one Day, and that improv'd,
With ardent Prayer, may soften or avert
The Wrath of Heav'n, and save your Child and Honour.

Agam. Words are too poor to thank thee; haste my Friend,
Intreat good *Calchas*, too severely good,
That till to Morrow's Sun revisits us,
He will defer this awful Sacrifice.

Mene. *Calchas* this Morn seem'd much concern'd, and
mourn'd
This dreadful unrelenting Call of Heav'n.

Agam. Haste then and try to move him; tho' I doubt;
The Pity of that Priest is Cruelty;
His pious Zeal mourns and destroys at once.

In *Ægypt* thus, from the fermented Mud,
The genial Sun raises a monst'rous Brood;
Th' amphibious Wonder quits his watry Den
With hideous Rush, and sweeps the trembling Plain;
Destroys all round; yet then with pious Tears
He mourns, he murders, weeps, but never spares.
[Mene. and Agam. part.]

Agamemnon meets Achilles.

Achil. My Lord, an idle Rumour flies abroad;
It hardly yet has gain'd on my Belief;
'Tis said, (it shakes my Soul when I repeat it.)
'Tis said that *Iphigenia* dies this Day
By your Command-----That, deaf to all the Cries
Of Nature, of Humanity and Blood,
You will your self deliver her to *Calchas*;
That she was summon'd in my Name to bleed,
And that these Nuptials only were suppos'd,
To blind and cover the detested Purpose.

Agam. Oh, what a Season has he chose t'insult [Aside.
My tortur'd Heart, and load me with Reproaches?

Achil. What am I now to think?---'Tis for your Honour
To silence these inglorious base Reports.

Agam. Young Prince, I never render an Account
Of what I do-----or publish my Designs.

My Daughter has not yet my last Commands;
When she's inform'd, if it concerns the Camp,
Or you, you'll know my Pleasure in your Orders.

Achil. I know too well your barbarous horrid Purpose.

Agam. Then wherefore do you ask me what you know?

Achil. Why do I ask?-----Oh, Heav'n! can I believe
That thus you dare avow your barbarous Zeal?

My Faith, my Love, my Honour must oppose you.

Agam. But you, who thus in Menaces pronounce
Your haughty Will, forget to whom you speak.

Achil. 'Tis you forget my Love-----'Tis you forget,

Achilles

Achilles neither does, nor suffers Wrongs.

Agam. And who committed, Sir, this Trust to you?
Which way are you concern'd to interpose
Between my Honour and my Family?
Say? am I not her Father? Or are you
Her Husband? — Whence this busie Insolence?

Achil. By Heav'n she's mine, intirely, wholly mine:
Your Word has made her so, and this right Hand
Shall guard my sacred Title to her Heart:
Did she not come to *Aulis*, to conclude,
By your Command, this Marriage? Faithless Man!

Agam. Complain of Heav'n, be angry with the Gods;
Accuse their Priests, the Camp, the Grecian Princes;
Accuse *Ulysses*, *Menelaus*, *Nestor*;
But first, and chief of all, accuse *your self*.

Achil. Oh, give me Patience, Heav'n! am I concern'd
Do I partake in your unnatural Guilt?

Agam. Yes you! Who grasping at yon Eastern Conquest
Murmur'd at Heav'n and this destructive Calm.
And when I would have here dismiss'd the League,
You spread th'infectious Fury thro' the Camp,
And ruin'd all my labour'd Care to save her;
For then you only talk'd and thought of *Troy*,
Conquest and *Troy* --- Haste then --- Prepare to fail:
Her Death opens our Course----Go satisfy,
If ought can satisfy, your mad Ambition.

Achil. Gods! must I suffer! must I bear all this?
And dare you add, to all your Perjuries,
The boldness to impose on me your Crime?

Agam. Keep down your swelling Heart; and know
that Pride,
That fiery Thirst of Fame, has ruin'd all;
My Child is sacrific'd to your Ambition.

Achil. For me! For my Ambition! — But I'll curb
This rising Heat, and reason coolly with you.
— Tell me then — Tell me calmly, *Agamemnon*,
Which way was I concern'd for *Helen's Rape*?

Why, from the peaceful Fields of *Thessaly*,
Have I led on my faithful *Mirmidons*,
Deaf to the Voice of my Immortal Mother,
And careless of my dying Father's Words?
Why do I fondly seek that Destiny,
To which they say I am foredoom'd in *Troy*?
What Fleets have sail'd from swift *Scamander's* Flood
To pillage *Thessaly*? — What Ravisher
Has stole my Wife or Sister from *Larissa*?

Agam. 'Twas not for me you arm'd, but *Asia's* Empire.

Achil. Barbarian! Am I not in Arms for you?

Why do those Troops cover th'extended Strand
Of *Aulis*? — But to vindicate the Wrongs
Of injur'd Hospitality and Love---

---And shall I see the Mistress of my Soul
Torn from my Bridal Bed, and not revenge
Her Wrongs and mine? ----Or will you, can you think,
That *Menelaus* only holds the Right
To justify his injur'd Love and Honour?

For me the beauteous Maid mourns her hard Fate,
Her Life is mine---her Happiness my Glory!
To her my Vessels, Soldiers, Arms, my self,
Are all engag'd---And not to *Menelaus*:
Let him pursue, let him redeem his Wife,
And gain a Conquest, which the Gods proclaim
Is to be purchas'd only with my Blood---
---I know not *Helen*, *Priam*, *Hector*, *Paris*;
Bright *Iphigenia* is the sacred Prize
I claim---the Prize I will for ever guard.

Tho' Human Race rise in embattel'd Hosts,
To force her from my Arms---Oh, Son of *Atreus*!
By that Immortal Power, whose deathless Spirit
Informs this Earth----I will oppose 'em all.

Agam. Hence then---Return to *Thessaly*---Draw off
Your Powers---And by your Absence, let us gain
Order and Discipline---Go, Leave the Camp;
I disengage, I free you from all Ties

To me, or to my Daughter——By the Gods,
 We shall have Heros numberless to fight
 For injur'd *Greece*——tho' the proud Son of *Thetis*
 Be never heard of more——*Troy* will afford
 Immortal Laurels for the Victor's Brow,
 And Dangers worthy the brave Warrior's Toil:
 For you, I find we should have dearly bought
 Your haughty Aid——But who created you
 The Arbitrer of *Greece*?——Away, rash Youth,
 Give Laws to Slaves, command your *Mirmidons*.
 They'll march, and bend, and tremble at your Nod;
 Hence then, and let your Subjects feel your Rage;
 I ask less Courage, Sir, and more Obedience;
 I break, I cancel thus the sacred Bonds
 That held us in Alliance.

Achil. Thank those Bonds
 That tie my Hands, and now, even now, restrain
 My Rage——You are my *Iphigenia's* Father,
 Or else, by *Jove*, Immortal *Jove*, I swear,
 This Chief, this boasted Chief of twenty Kings,
 Had never brav'd the Son of *Thetis* more!
 But I am Calm——Remember, *Agamemnon*,
 I have my Love, my Glory to defend;
 And when you aim at *Iphigenia's* Life,
 The bloody Passage only lies thro' mine. [Exit *Achil.*

Agamemnon alone.

Agam. Thy Folly has destroy'd what it would save;
 My Daughter was too powerful while alone
 Thy Love; thy Insolence has ruin'd all,
 And hastens the dire Blow that thou would'st stop:
 I must not pause——No, I must meet his Force;
 My Glory thus is thrown into the Ballance;
Achilles' Threats have fix'd my wav'ring Heart,
 My Pity now wou'd seem th'Effect of Fear.
 ——*Enter Eubates.*

Enter Euribates.

Eur. My Lord.

Agam. What would I do?

Can I at last pronounce these bloody Orders?

Troy, Victory, Revenge, the Grecian Welfare,

Are promis'd the Rewards of my Obedience:

But all these Glories, these triumphant Laurels,

Must spring from *Iphigenia's* Blood alone.

---She shall not die ---I yield to Love, to Nature:

Nor will I blush to own my generous Pity;

But then *Achilles*, arrogantly vain,

Will claim the Merit of his haughty Rage;

Yes, he'll believe I give her to his Threats,

And tremble at the Terror of his Arms.

---No, no, I'll humble the proud *Mirmidon*;

He loves her---She shall live---But not for him:

I'll give her to another---Let his Rage,

His Jealousie redouble---Haste, *Euribates*,

And let the Queen and Princess both attend me;

Bid 'em dismiss their Fears.

[*Exit Euribates.*]

---Oh, righteous Heav'n!

If yet, if yet it be your rigid Will,

My Child should die, I know my fond Endeavours

Are weak and powerless--But forgive my Love,

That forces me to wait till 'tis confirm'd,

Till you demand your Victim once again.

*Enter Clytemnestra, Iphigenia, Eriphile, Doris, Ægina,
Euribates, and Officers.*

Agam. Go, *Clytemnestra*, go, secure her Life;

I render you your Daughter, take her hence.

Remove her far, far from this fatal Shore;

Arcas commands the Guards that shall conduct you:

I have remitted his Offence---This Charge
 Demands your Secrefie and Diligence:
 Neither the bufie Priests, nor yet *Ulyffes*,
 Suspect our Purpofes; be fwift and filent,
 Conceal her fo, the Soldiers may believe
 That I retain her here---While you alone
 Return to *Argos*---Guards, attend the Queen.

[*To Officers waiting.*]

Clyt. Oh, Sir!

Iph. Oh, Royal Father!

Agam. No Words, no Thanks; we must not part in
 Form.

Hafte; fly; prevent the speedy Call of *Calchas*;
 I'll favour your Escape, and feign fome Reasons
 To make him, for one Day at leaft, fuspend
 The fatal Pomp---Farewel---The Gods defend you.

[*Exeunt Clytemneftia, Ægina, Euribates and Officers
 at one Door, and Agamemnon at the other.*]

Eriphile, Doris.

Eri. This, this way, *Doris*, let us follow 'em.

Doris. Where would your reftlefs Paftion hurry you?

Eriph. I'll infantly reveal their Flight to *Calchas*:

The Priests, the Princes, and the People, all
 Shall know their Fraud---What, fhall ſhe live to hold
Achilles in her Arms?---While I deſpair.

Diſtraſting Thought! it is not to be born;

Thou know'ſt not half the Torments I endure.

The reſtleſs Stone, the Vultur, and the Wheel,
 Whate'er the Daman'd, or the Deſpairing feel,
 The ſharpeſt Punishments of angry *Jove*,
 Are all contain'd at once in jealous Love.

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Iphigenia and Ægina.

Iph. **A**WAY! Return to my distracted Mother,
Behold, the mighty Gods will be obey'd,
They vindicate their Claim; didst thou not see
The general Camp in Arms oppose our Flight,
While all their glittering Javelins pointed round us
Deny'd a Passage, and repuls'd our Guards?
What, shall I wait till the licentious Soldiers
Drag their *Unwilling* Victim to the Shrine?

--- My Father too--- Alas! tho' Heav'n remits
The fatal Sentence, he demands my Life.

Ægi. Your Father! *Iphigenia*?

Iph. Yes, the King.

Achilles has offended him, and I
Must punish the brave Prince with my Disdain;
Thus I am doom'd a double Sacrifice.
He sent by *Arcas* to explain his Wishes,
That I wou'd ne'er receive *Achilles* more,
Or favour with a Word that faithful Lover.

Ægi. What, not One Word, One tender last Farewel,
E'er the sharp Steel divides you both for ever?

Iph. Ah Cruel Sentence! --- Rigorous Command!
The Gods, more gentle, only ask my Life.

Dye then; --- Obey; --- But see, *Ægina*, see,
Achilles comes --- Support me, or I faint.

[*Rests on Ægina's Arm.*]

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Haste, *Iphigenia*; Follow me your Guide;
Fear not the Noise of those tumultuous Crouds,
Which gather round the Tent in pressing Swarms;

Appear, and you shall see those daftard Troops
 Open before our Arms a ready Passage.
Patroclus, and some chosen Leaders, wait
 To Execute whate'er Commands I give.
 My Troops all watchful, ready to their Arms,
 And rang'd beneath their Standards, wait my Orders.
 My bold *Theffalians*, wedg'd in close Array,
 The firm Embod'y'd *Phalanx*, Foot to Foot,
 And Target lock'd in Target, shall oppose
 The Barrier of their Ranks invincible.

From that Affylum who shall dare to force thee?

— What! dost thou only answer me with Tears?

Already hast thou try'd their feeble Aid.

How did they move th' inexorable Father?

What other hope, what help canst thou expect?

Iph. I have no hope, but from that mortal Blow,
 Which will for ever end my Hopes and Fears.

Achil. Cease, cease this melancholy Talk of Death.
 Think how we are oblig'd, how both engaged:
 Oh think, if nothing else can move your Heart,
 My Happiness depends upon your Life.

Iph. Your Happiness depends upon my Death.

Consider yet what Harvests of full Fame

The Goddess *Victory* presents your Arms;

Those glorious Fields, which your aspiring Soul,

Impatient for the War, burns to possess,

Are barren, if not sprinkled with my Blood:

Such is the Law of Fate; so to *Atrides*

The Gods, the People, and the Priests proclaim.

— Farewel, brave Prince; thank those immortal Powers,

Who thus remove that fatal Obstacle

Which barr'd your Arms, and check'd your rising Glories.

Achil. I'll hold 'em both---My Mistress and my Glory
 Divide my Soul—Nor Gods nor Men shall part us.

Iph. Go, signalize this promis'd *Grecian* Hero;
 Turn all your Vengeance on your Country's Foes.

Priam is pale with Fear, all *Troy* alarm'd,

Shakes at my Name---repays your Grief in Blood,
And drops a Citizen for every Tear.

---Tho' Heav'n denies me what of Earthly Blessings
My Heart could most desire, to live your Bride,
I shall die satisfy'd---when I believe
My Death---the Source of your immortal Glory,
Will open to the World the Deathless Hero.

---Once more Farewel---Farewel, Immortal Man,
Worthy the Godlike Race from whence you sprung.

Achil I cannot, must not take this dreadful Farewel.

In vain with artful Words you strive to elude

My tender Love, thus obstinate to die.

How can my Fame be built upon your Ruin?

These Laurel Harvests, Honours, Conquests, Glories,
Are all preserv'd in saving her I love.

With what Contempt will all the *Grecian* Princes

Regard my Arms, when they behold me suffer,

With Coward Tameless, this most horrid Rape?

My Love, my Glory only live with you:

Trust to my Guidance, let me guard and lead you.

[Offering to lead her.]

Iph. What? shall I then Rebel against my Father?

I should deserve the Death I strove to shun.

Oh where would be that Duty, that Obedience?

Ach. 'Tis due to me, your promis'd Lord---Your Husband.

I boast that glorious Title---*Agamemnon*

Shall never rob me of the sacred Promise.

Canst thou, severely Dutiful and Just,

Refuse Obedience to thy Father's Will

In this alone; and yet with rigid Piety

Receive his absolute Commands to die?

[Takes her Hand]

--Haste, the Time flies, my Princess; and I fear---

Iph. Achilles, wou'd you force me from my Duty?

Warm'd with the guilty Transports of your Love,

You know not how you load my suffering Heart.

Away, rash Man---My Glory and my Honour

Ought to be dearer to you than my Life.
 ---If this seems Cruel, Oh forgive a Wretch
 Oblig'd to Laws which all the Just obey.
 ---I have been Guilty but to hear you speak,
 Oh carry your unjust Success no farther,
 Lest I should fall, should bleed by my own Hands,
 To free my self from these Extremities,
 These dangerous Succours which your Love presents.

Achil. 'Tis well!---no more! Obey their bloody Call;
 Haste, satisfy your strange Religious Glory.
 ---Hah! since for Human Sacrifice they thirst,
 The Funeral Pyle shall float in human Blood
 The lying Priests shall fall the foremost Victims:
 I'll Sacrifice a Hecatomb of Priests.

Their Temple too shall flame; the Hive and Drones
 Consume at once.---And while the mingled Blaze
 Shoots thro' the Vaulted Dome, I shall behold,
 My Vengeance full, and riot in Destruction.
 ---What is not lawful to Despair and Rage?
 And if amidst these Horrors, these Disorders,
 Your Father too should perish in the Croud,
 Know 'tis the Effect of your too rigid Duty;
 Your obstinate Obedience ruin'd all. [*Exit Achilles.*]

Iphigenia alone.

Iph. My Lord! *Achilles*, Oh Return!--He's gone.
 Determine, ye just Gods, my Life and Fears:
 Let all your Vengeance be compleated here.

Enter Clyt. Ægina, Euribates, and Officers as Guards.

Clyt. Yes, I'll oppose the World to save my Child.
 What, Traitors, would you then betray your Queen?

Eur. Command us, Madam, you shall see us die
 To prove our Faith---But what can we perform
 Against those numerous Crouds that pour upon us?

'Tis

The VICTIM.

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'Tis not the Rage of a disorder'd Rout;
The Camp is all inflam'd with fatal Zeal:

Calchas commands, *Calchas* is King in *Aulis*:

Atrides, dispossest of all his Power,

Yields and is born away by the swift Torrent.

Achilles, tho' Unconquerable, here

Will find the Work too mighty for his Courage.

Clyt. Here let 'em point their impious Zeal on me,

Take the Remainder of a wretched Being;

Yet I'll defend her Life, I'll grasp her hard,

And in the Pangs of Death, protect and save her.

My seperating Soul may leave this Body,

But never part from her — Oh! my dear Child,

[Seeing her.]

Do I behold again my *Iphigenia*?

Iph. What Cruel Planet rul'd my mournful Birth?

Why was I born to aggravate your Sorrows,

And make you feel th' extremity of Woe?

— Yet let us learn with patient meek Indurance

To bear our Fate — Oh, *Clytemnestra*! think

How vainly we contend with Gods and Men.

Would it avail me, to behold my Mother

Left to the Rage of a Rebellious People,

And with unworthy Treatment drag'd about

As a Despiser of the Gods and Justice?

Go — let the *Greeks* perform their pious Work;

And leave, for ever leave this bloody Shoar.

My Funeral Pile will soon in Flames arise;

That dreadful Sight must break your tender Heart.

— But one Word more, the last Request I make,

I beg you by your Love — by your Indulgence,

Reproach not my dear Father with my Death.

Clyt. What, shall I not reproach thy Murtherer?

Iph. He gave me to your Fears — the Hand of Heav'n

Stopt his Endeavours, and restrain'd our Flight.

Clyt. Oh, how the cruel King deceiv'd my Hopes!

Iph. He but restores the Gods that Life they gave:

Alas! my Death cannot deserve this Grief.

Your mutual Loves have yet a living Pledge;
Orestes. young *Orestes*, my dear Brother;
 Oh, may he prove (not like his hapless Sister)
 The Comfort, the Support of all your Sorrows!

[*Shouting within.*

Hark! the loud Peoples Voice impatient call
 Their Victim forth——Farewel——Farewel for ever!

[*Embracing.*

Euribates, lead to *Diana's* Temple.

[*Ex. Iphigenia.*

Clyt. I'll follow her; unhand me——Yes, we'll die
 Together——Wherefore do these Traitors stop me?

[*Guards advance their Javelins at Clytemnestra.*

Here, plunge your Jav'lins, strike 'em to my Heart,
 And satisfy your burning Thirst of Blood.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyf. Where would you run? —— Where would your
 pious Rage

Find its Relief? —— Return——and calmly hear
 What Comfort your Afflictions may admit.

Clyt. Curse on all Comfort! and on him that brings it!

Ulyf. If you would curse, curse that malignant Serpent
 You nurs'd within your Bosom, false *Eriphile*;

Eriphile, whom you conducted hither,

Reveal'd your Flight to the whole *Grecian* Army.

Clyt. Oh, Monster! whom *Megara*, Hell and Night,
 Ingender'd to destroy my Peace and Comfort.

Ulyf. Your Grief mistakes its Mercies for its Judgments;
 Is not the Glory of the *Grecian* Arms,
 Supported by this pious Offering?

Clyt. Revenge me War, ye Winds, ye Seas, revenge me!
 Oh, punish 'em with Plagues, with Fire and Sword!

Make all their Princes Slaves in Foreign Lands,
 There let 'em eat the Bread of Care and Sorrow,
 And linger out in Chains the Days of Shame!

——And thou, Eternal Orb, who once before
 Stopt in thy Course, shot from the bright Horizon

Thy

Thy rising Beams, disdaining to behold
Or light that horrid Banquet of *Thyestes*;
Here, here again, the dreadful Son of *Atreus*
Prepares another Feast of Blood and Horror.

——Whithdraw the Day——Let utter Darknes dwell
For ever here, and hide their impious Murther.

But now, ev'n now my Child is crown'd to Dye,
The fatal Garland's wreath'd about her Temples;
Her Father leads her up, the Priests receive her.
Merciful Gods! prevent the coming Blow.
Ah! now she bleeds! the fatal Wound is given!
Farewel, Farewel for ever, *Iphigenia*!

*[She sinks into the Arms of her Attendants,
and they bear her off.]*

Ulys. Support her hence; as she revives, *Ægina*,
With gentle Words relieve her heavy Grief——

[Exeunt.]

Ulysses alone.

The People are fermented by the Priesthood,
And will be sick 'till they are cur'd with Sacrifice;
The zealous Ideots must be curb'd by Zeal.
Our feeble Maids, like Children in the Dark,
Create the very Mischiefs that we fear.
Suspicion, Melancholly, black Despair
And numerous Ills, which our weak Minds o'erbear,
Are oft the gloomy Fruits of superstitious Fear.



SCENE

SCENE *the Inside of a Temple: At the Upper End an Altar, the holy Fire burning, &c. Iphigenia at the Lower End of the Stage in white, the sacred Fillet round her Head, adorn'd with Flowers, her Hands bound: Agamemnon next his Daughter: Menelaus, Nestor, and Ulysses, on the same side. On the other side, Eriphile, Doris, Arcas, and Euribates, Priests; a Chorus on each side the Altar, and Calchas behind it.*

CHORUS.

*We Bend, Diana, to thy Shrine,
Spotless Goddess: Power Divine,
All Nature shall with us thy Praises join.*

CALCHAS.

*You who at the Altar bow,
Waiting for the dreadful Blow,
The fatal Word shall soon be heard.
Diana's Priests, is all prepar'd?*

CHORUS.

All's prepar'd.

CALCHAS.

*Hence ye Prophane, far hence be gone:
Our sacred Rites are now begun.
Diana's Priests, let this be done.*

CHORUS.

All is done.

CALCHAS.

*Then let every hallow'd Tongue
Assist us in the solemn Song.*

CHORUS

The VICTIM.

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CHORUS.

*Behold, Diana, thy Commands we wait;
Thy Power is shown in Iphigenia's Fate.
By her untimely Fate, we learn to know
Nothing but Death is certain here below.*

[*After the Vocal Musick, a solemn Call by Instrumental Musick to the Altar. Agamemnon leads up Iphigenia, and as he delivers her to Calchas, a sudden Darknes as if the Day were eclips'd; it Thunders and Lightens, and Calchas comes forward, and speaks.*

Cal. Whence, and what mean those inauspicious Omens,
Sinister all, and adverse to our Vows?

*The Planet of the Day withdraws his Beams,
And reddens as he sinks; while thro' the Gloom
Pale Meteors dart their subtile Fires: The Gods
In dreadful Thunder speak, the shaking Earth
Is torn with strong Convulsions; Nature trembles.*

*—Oh, Virgin Goddess of fair Chastity,
Let us again consult thy sacred Oracle.*

[*Thunder again.*

Eri. Oh *Doris*, a cold Sweat stands on my Brow
In Beds of Dew; each tortur'd Sinew shakes
With sudden Horror——whence this Agony,
Now when my promis'd Hopes are all in view?
Who do they not perform these bloody Rites?
How slow the Drones proceed——Now, *Doris*, now
Calchas comes forward, now my Rival dies——

Cal. Hear, hear, ye *Grecians*; 'tis the Goddess speaks,
[*Now the Fire on the Altar suddenly breaks into Flame.*
By me she speaks; my labouring Bosom swells;
Enthusiastick heat warms every Nerve:
Hear her Commands, and live: thus she declares
Her Will, she thus explains her Oracle——

—What do I see? *Eriphile!* — and bleeding!

Agam. The Goddess has reveal'd her Will by *Calchas*;
Eriphile's the Victim Heav'n demanded.

Eri Take, take Libation from the Royal Veins
Of *Theseus*---Consecrate your nuptial Joys
In *Helen's* Blood---Hah! my Prophetick Soul
Looks downwards---and behold my rising Vengeance.
I see the cursed House of proud *Atrides*
Falls by it self---behold, the King of Kings
Bleeds by the Partner of his Bed and Throne.
Now mad *Orestes*, with his Mother's Blood,
Expiates his Mother's Crime---the Gods pursue him.
Haunt him, ye Furies, seize his guilty Mind.
Let Love, Despair and Love urge him, like me,
To seek Relief from inexpressive Tortures
In an untimely Grave. [Dies.

Iph. See, see, my Lord, she dies;
Oh hapless Maid!

Men. O virtuous *Iphigenia!*
Her Joys are dash'd with Sorrow for her Rival.

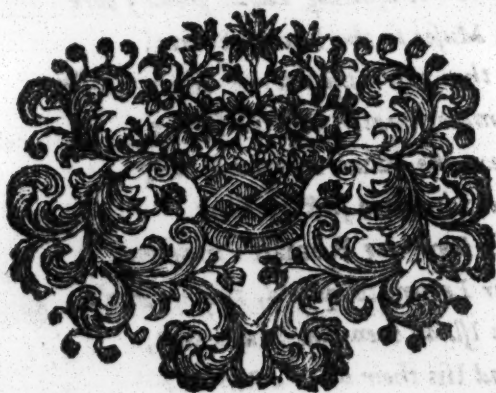
Agam. Oh Prince! oh glorious Youth! this joyful Day,
The Gods have fought the Cause of Love and Virtue;
Receive her then from *Agamemnon's* Hand,
A just Reward of the most generous Passion.

Achil. Oh Father! General!--my bounding Heart
Leaps at the Gift, transported, and enlarg'd;
May this august Alliance never break,
May we pursue the Paths of virtuous Glory,
'Till our great Acts, like *Theseus Hercules*,
Or *Castor*, Lift the Grecian Name to Heav'n.

[Shouts.
Ulys. Hark! the loud Winds are free, the joyful Sailors
Welcome the springing Breeze, and in glad Shouts
Eccho their Thanks---Away, to *Troy*, to *Troy*.

Agam. Hence let us learn none can be truly happy,
But they who constantly obey the Gods,
Who firm to Virtues Laws, strive to excel

In all her Works, and labour at Perfection.
 Oh Virtue, Daughter of Immortal Love!
 Bright Image, Representative of *Jove*;
 For thee we pant, to thee with active Fires,
 Unclog'd by Flesh, the lab'ring Soul aspires;
 There she finds Rest, whatever Lot is given.
 A brave Submission raises her to Heaven.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *WILKES*.

WHILE we, by Verse, and powerful Numbers, Charm

The savage Mind, and Passion's Rage disarm;

Words are too faint to speak the pleasing Pain,

That strikes the Soul, and pierces every Vein.

Letters, by Time and slow degrees refin'd,

Imbellish'd Life; and smooth'd the rugged Mind:

While yet the World to polish'd Arts was new,

Greece from the distant Nile her Learning drew;

In time, Rome's conquering Eagles proudly bore

The Grecian Muses to the Latian Shore;

From thence they pass'd the barrier Alpes, to shine

In colder Climates, water'd by the Rhine:

In Britain next the Julian Standards rose,

And we were cultivated first by Foes:

Where-e'er the Towering Roman Virtue mov'd,

Whate'er their Legions conquer'd, they improv'd.

Long has this Island been the Muses Seat,

And Cam and Isis their below'd Retreat;

Old Chaucer whileom tun'd his Gothick Chime,

And first subdu'd our stubborn Prose to Rhyme;

Shakespear and Spencer next enrich'd our Tongue;

And Dryden finish'd what they labour'd long.

Our Author backward looks with grateful Eyes,

And on his Fathers Shoulders strives to rise;

Anxious

PROLOGUE.

*Anxious to please, he now revives the Dead,
And raises Iphigenia's mournful Shade;
From Greece, and France, with equal Care and Toil,
Transplants her to Britannia's happy Soil:
Athenian Maids, two thousand Tears ago,
With weeping Eyes behold this Virgin's Woe:
Attend; and you may drop a generous Tear.
Blush not that suffering Virtue is your Care;
Indulge the rising Sorrows in your Breast;
'Tis great to Grieve for Innocence distressed.*



EPI.

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. CIBBER, and
Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

CRITICKS, a Trace: 'Tis true, I just now dy'd:
What then! why now I walk, and so you're satisfy'd,
For Form, I could have meal'd my Face, and chose
In Peals of Thunder through the Stage I have rose;
But troth! I had rather spoil the Jest, than dawb my Cloaths. }
A Hole but two Foot wide! Sure Bays must doat!
I'm ribb'd with nine wide Whale bone Yards of Petticoat.
Beside, my own way (take my Word's) as good,
I full as well shall please in Flesh, and Blood:
Thus having fairly told you my Condition,
I now proceed to open my Commission.

Know then, a friendly Shade from Realms below,
To you, that live, I'm sent a Plenipo,
To warn both Sexes to reform their Lives,
As Lovers, Husbands, Virgins, or as Wives:
For, when I tell your Punishments reserv'd,
You'll rue the Hour, that e'er from Truth you swerv'd.
As for Example——

W'have got a Prude, you've seen that Box adorn,
Who with her Lovers Merit rais'd her Scorn,
And now (to shew to what her Ghost is fated)
Sh'as nine plump Daughters by the Man she hated.

Coquettes, and Beaux innumerable, Swarm;
But they (dear Souls!) do very little harm,

Living

EPILOGUE.

*Living and Dead the same; the happy Elves
Unrivall'd, still love nothing but themselves.
Just as with you, in ten Days after Billing,
Bright Goddes proves a Fury; Swain a Villain.
In every other State we differ far,
'Twere endless to be so particular,
Therefore in gross, 'tis proper you should know,
All Vices are revers'd with us below.*

*Young Heirs are Sharpers there; late Sharpers, Cullies;
Our Soldiers Stock-job, and our Cits are Bullies.
Our Rakes turn Puritans, our Courtiers Quakers,
And Aldermen most furious Cuckold-makers.
Merit's so sure to Thrive in our dark Nation,
And to relieve Distress so much the Fashion,
Ev'n States-Mens Hearts are mov'd by soft Compassion.
Our Priests are humble, and our Lawyers honest,
Our Great Men--- pay such Debts--- you'd be Astonish'd!*

*Poets you'll own much better pass their Time,
For all our Bills of Cash are drawn in Rime;
Each Bard's a Banker there, and Fancy coins
Our Standard Bullion in Immortal Lines:
But since, while here, this Passive Author must
His Muse's Value to your Judgment trust,
If on Poetick Fame too fast he draws,
Pay him at least Subsistence in Applause.*



F I N I S.

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